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THE DRAMATIC
WORKS

O F

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq;

In THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING

The ORATORS.

The MINOR.

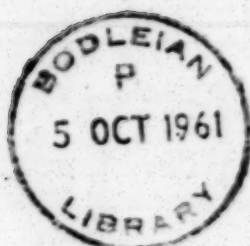
The LYAR.

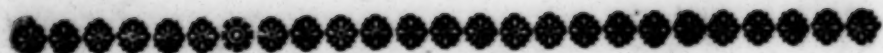
The MAYOR of GARRAT;



LONDON:

Printed for P. VAILLANT, and T. LOWNDES;





THE
ORATORS.



[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

2101A20

1.

THE
ORATORS.

As it is now performing at the
NEW THEATRE
IN THE
HAY - MARKET.

WRITTEN
By SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

Where more is meant than meets the ear.

IL PENSEROSO.

L O N D O N,
Printed for J. COOTE; T. DAVIES; T. LOWNDES,
T. CASLON; W. NICOLL; and S. BLADON.
MDCCLXVII.

	1762.	1767.
LECTURER,	Mr. Foote,	Mr. Foote.
	Mr. Weston,	Mr. Weston.
	Mr. M ^c George,	Mr. Pynn.
	Mr. Quin,	Mr. Quick.
	Mr. Bannister,	Mr. Bannister.
	Mr. Williams,	Mr. Davis.
	Mr. Young,	Mr. Loveman.
	Mr. Booth,	Mr. Castle.
PUPILS.	Mr. Palmer,	Mr. Palmer.
	Mr. Kickill,	Mr. Strange.
	Mr Somers,	Mr. Smith.
	Mr. Pearce,	Mr. Pearce.
		Mr. Keen.
		Mr. Gardiner.
		Mr. Newton.
		Mr. Shuter.

THE
ORATORS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter WILL TIREHACK and HARRY SCAMPER, booted, with Whips in their Hands, into a Side-Box.

SCAMPER.

P'SHAW! zounds! prithee, Will, let us go; what signifies our staying here?

TIREHACK.

Nay, but tarry a little; besides, you know we promis'd to give Poll Baylifs and Bett Skinner the meeting.

SCAMPER.

No matter, we shall be sure to find them at three at the Shakespear.

A 3

TIRE-

2 THE ORATORS.

TIREHACK.

But as we are here, Harry, let us know a little what it's about?

SCAMPER.

About. Why lectures, you fool? Have not you read the bills, and we have plenty of them at Oxford, you know?

TIREHACK.

Well, but for all that, there may be fun.

SCAMPER.

Why then, stay and enjoy it yourself; and I'll step to the Bull and Gate, and call upon Jerry Lack-Latin, and my horse. We shall see you at three. *[Rising.]*

TIREHACK.

Nay, but, prithee, stay.

SCAMPER.

Rot me if I do. *[Going out of the Box.]*

TIREHACK.

Halloo, Harry; Harry—

SCAMPER.

Well, what's the matter now? *[Returning.]*

TIREHACK.

Here's Poll Bayliss just come into the gallery.

SCAMPER.

No——

TIREHACK.

She is, by ——

SCAM-

THE ORATORS. 3

SCAMPER.

[*Looking.*

Yes, faith! it is she, sure enough.—How goes it, Poll?

TIREHACK.

Well, now, we shall have you, I hope?

SCAMPER.

Ay, if I thought we should get any fun.

TIREHACK.

I'll make an enquiry. Halloo! snuffers, snuffers.

CANDLE SNUFFER.

Your pleasure, Sir?

TIREHACK.

What is all this business about here?

SNUFFER.

Can't say, Sir.

SCAMPER.

Well, but you could if you would, let us into the secret.

SNUFFER.

Not I, upon my honour!

TIREHACK.

Your honour, you son of a whore! D'ye hear, bid your master come hither, we want to ask him a question?

SNUFFER.

I will—

[*Exit.*

TIREHACK.

Scamper, will you ask him, or shall I?

4 THE ORATORS.

SCAMPER.

Let me alone to him—

Enter FOOTE.

TIREHACK.

O! here he is—

FOOTE.

Your commands with me, gentlemen?

SCAMPER.

Why, you must know Will and I here, are upon a scheme from Oxford; and because cash begins to run low—How much have you, Will?

TIREHACK.

Three and twenty shillings, besides the crown I paid at the door.

SCAMPER.

And I eighteen; now, as this will last us but to-night, we are willing to husband our time; let us see, Will, how are we engag'd?

TIREHACK.

Why at three, with Bett and Poll, there, at the Shakespear; after that to the Coronation; for you know we have seen it but nine times—

SCAMPER.

And then back to the Shakespear again; where we sup, and take horse at the door.

TIREHACK.

So there's no time to be lost, you see; we desire, therefore, to know what sort of a thing this affair here of yours is? What, is it damn'd funny and comical?

FOOTE,

THE ORATORS. 5

FOOTE.

Have you not seen the bills?

SCAMPER.

What, about the lectures? ay, but that's all slang, I suppose; no, no. No tricks upon travellers; no, we know better—What, are there any more of you; or do you do it all yourself?

FOOTE.

If I was in want of comedians, you, gentlemen, are kind enough to lend me a lift; but, upon my word, my intentions, as the bill will inform you, are serious—

TIREHACK.

Are they? then I'll have my money again. What, do you think we come to London to learn any thing?—Come, Will. [Going.

FOOTE.

Hold, Gentlemen, I would detain you, if possible. What is it you expect?

SCAMPER.

To be jolly, and laugh, to be sure—

FOOTE.

At what?

TIREHACK.

At what—damme, I don't know—at you, and your frolicks and fancies—

FOOTE.

If that is all you desire; why, perhaps we shan't disappoint you—

SCAM.

6 THE ORATORS.

SCAMPER.

Shan't you—why, that is an honest fellow—
come, begin—

FOOTE.

But you'll be so kind as not to interrupt me?

SCAMPER.

Never fear—

FOOTE.

Ladies and gentlemen—

*[Suds from the opposite box calls to Foote,
and stops him short.]*

SUDS.

Stop a minute; may I be permitted to speak?

FOOTE.

Doubtless, Sir—

SUDS.

Why the affair is this. My wife Alice—for you must know my name is Ephraim Suds, I am a soap-boiler in the city,—took it into her head, and nothing would serve her turn, but that I must be a common-council man this year; for says Alice, *says she*, It is the *onliest* way to rise in the world.

FOOTE.

A just observation—you succeeded?

SUDS.

Oh! there was no danger of that—yes, yes, I got it all hollow; but now to come to the
marrow

THE ORATORS. 7

marrow of the business. Well, Alice, says I, now I am chosen, what's next to be done? "Why now, says Alice, *says she*, thee must learn to make speeches; why dost not see what purferment neighbour Grogram has got; why man, 'tis all brought about by his *speechifying*. I tell thee what, Ephraim, if thee can'st but once learn to lay down the law, there's no knowing to what thee may'st rise—"

FOOTE.

Your lady had reason.

SUDS.

Why, I thought so too; and, as good luck would have it, who should come into the city, in the very nick of time, but master professor along with his lectures—Adod, away, in a hurry, Alice and I danced to Pewterers Hall.

FOOTE.

You improv'd, I hope?

SUDS.

O Lud! It is unknown what knowledge we got; we can read—oh! we never stop to spell a word now—and then he told us such things about verbs, and nouns, and adverbs, that never entered our heads before, and emphasis, and accent; heav'n bless us, I did not think there had been such things in the world.

FOOTE.

And have you *speechify'd* yet?

SUDS.

8 THE ORATORS.

S U D S.

Soft; soft and fair; we must walk before we can run—I think I have laid a pretty foundation. The Mansion-house was not built in a day, Master Foote. But to go on with my tale, my dame one day looking over the papers, came running to me; Now Ephraim, says she, thy business is done; rare news, lad; here is a man at the other end of the town, that will make thee a *speaker* at once, and out she pull'd your proposals. Ah Alice, says I, thee be'st but a fool, why I know that man, he is all upon his fun; he lecture—why, 'tis all but a bam—Well, 'tis but seeing, says she, so, *wolens nolens*, she would have me come hither; now if so be you be serious, I shall think my money wisely bestow'd; but if it be only your comical works, I can tell you, you shall see me no more.

F O O T E.

Sir, I should be extremely sorry to lose you; if I knew but what would content you?

S U D S.

Why, I want to be made an orator *on*; and to speak speeches, as I tell you, at our meetings, about politicks, and peace, and addresses, and the new bridge, and all *them* kind of things.

F O O T E.

Why, with your happy talents I should think much might be done.

S U D S.

THE ORATORS. 9

S U D S.

I am proud to hear you say so. Indeed I am. I did *speechify* once at a vestry concerning new lettering the church buckets, and came off cutely enough; and, to say the truth, that was the thing that provok'd me to go to Pewterers-Hall. *[Sits down again.]*

F O O T E.

Well, Sir, I flatter myself, that in proportion to the difference of abilities in your two instructors, you will here make a tolerable progress. But now, Sir, with your favour, we will proceed to explain the nature of our design, and I hope, in the process, you, gentlemen, will find entertainment, and you, Sir, information.

Mr. FOOTE then proceeds in his lecture.

My plan, gentlemen, is to be consider'd as a superstructure on that admirable foundation laid by the modern professor of English, both our labours tending to the same general end; the perfectioning of our countrymen in a most essential article, the right use of their native language.

But what he has happily begun, I have the vanity to think I have as happily finish'd; he has, it is true, introduc'd you into the body of the church, but I conduct you into the choir of the cathedral: Or, to explain myself by a more familiar allusion, though he is the Poitier who teaches

10 THE ORATORS.

teaches you the step and the grounds; yet I am the Gallini who gives you the air, and the grace of the minuet.

His aim is propriety alone; mine propriety with elegance.

For though reading, so shamefully neglected, not only by those of tender years, but the adult; not only by children, but even by grown men and women; not only in our private seminaries, but in our publick universities, is allowed to be a necessary ingredient towards the formation of an orator; yet, a great many other rules, a great many other precepts, are requisite to obtain his perfection.

Nay, perhaps we might, to support an argument without the danger of a defeat, at least if we may trust observation, that of all the professions that require a verbal intercourse with the public, there is no one to whom reading is of so little utility as that of oratory.

I need not insist upon this head, as I believe every gentleman's experience will furnish him with instances of men eminent in oratory, who, from an early vivacity, have neglected, or the indulgence of their parents have been emancipated from the attention and application necessary, it is true, to acquire this rugged art, but at the same time so ill-suited to their tender years, and so opposite to those innocent amusements in which children are known universally to delight. *Thwart not a child, for you spoil his temper,*—is, or at least ought

ought to be, an English proverb, as it is an universal practice.

I would not here be understood to depreciate the usefulness of reading, or to detract from the exceeding merit of the professor's plan; no, my meaning is only just to drop a hint that I may occasionally use him as a walking-stick; a kind of an *elegantly clouded Mocoa*, or an *airy Anamaboo*: yet, that it is by no means my intention to depend upon him as *a support*, or lean upon him as *a crutch*; in a word, he will be rather ornamental than necessary to me.

But useless as his plan is to me, I sincerely wish it success for the sake of the public; and if my influence was equal to my inclination, I would have a law enacted, upon the plan of the militia bill, that annually, or biennially, draughts should be made from every parish of two, three, or more, as in that act of able-bodied, so in this of intelligent persons, who, at the expence of the several counties, should be sent to the capital, and there compelled to go thro' as many courses of the professor's lectures as he shall deem sufficient: thus, by those periodical rural detachments, the whole nation will, in a few years, be completely served, and a stock of learning laid in, that will last till time shall be no more.

Would our rulers but adopt this scheme! how superior would England be even to the most illustrious periods of Greece and Rome!

what

what an unrival'd happiness for us, what an eternal fund of fame for them! ye Solons, ye Lycurgus's, ye Numa's, hide your diminish'd heads; see what a revolution two laws in a few years have produc'd; see a whole people, sunk in more than Gothic ignorance, accusom'd to no other iron implements than the pacific plough-share, or the harmless spade, start out at once profound scholars and veteran soldiers: If at this happy period, a Frenchman, thinking any thing out of his own country worthy his attention, should condescend to pay this kingdom a visit; methinks, I anticipate the account he will give of us at his return, (like his countryman of old, who, at the taking of Rome, bursting into the capitol, and there finding the senate fix'd and immoveable in their seats, declar'd them an assembly of kings,) so will he at once pronounce the whole British nation to be an army of generals, and one congregation of doctors. Happy country! where the *Arma & Toga* are so fortunately blended, as to prevent all contention for the pre-eminence.

I know but one objection that can be made to this plan, and that merely a temporary one; that the culture of our lands will sustain an infinite injury, if such a number of peasants were to deparochiate, there being already scarce hands sufficient, from the recruits constantly made for Germany, &c. &c. &c. to carry on the common business of husbandry.

But

But what are riches, perishable commodities, glittering, transitory, fallacious goods, when compared to the substantial, incorruptible endowments of the mind : this truth is, indeed, happily inculcated by an old English adage ;

“ When lands and goods are gone and spent,
“ Then learning is most excellent.”

This sensible and poetical distich, I would recommend to Mr. Professor, as a motto for his intended treatise ; but I suppose he is already well provided with an apt *Latin*, if not a *Greek* one, to either of which I must yield the preference.

But to wave this ethical argument ; I think I can easily foil the force of this objection, by a natural and obvious *Succedaneum*. Suppose a clause was to be added to the bill for the importation of tallow, raw hides, and live cattle from Ireland, that, during this literary emigration, a sufficient number of inhabitants of that country may be transported hither to supply the vacancy : but here it must be observ'd, that for this purpose an act of parliament is indispensably necessary ; for tho' it would be difficult, if not impossible for us, in our present condition, to get in even our harvests, without the aid of hands annually exported for that purpose from Ireland ; yet this is at best but an illicit trade, and the men themselves are to be considered under the article of smuggled goods : a very heavy penalty being laid

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by statute on all masters of vessels, who shall venture to import any of the above cited commodity into this realm, without special licence; to this purpose I recollect a case in point, the fifth of William and Mary, Ban. Reg. The King contra Oflaarty. Vide V. Rep. vol. iii. chap. 9. page 4.

But if this should be thought by the people in power too great an indulgence to the Irish, as we have never been remarkably profuse in our favours to our loyal and affectionate sister; I see no other method of redressing the imaginary evil, than by exempting from this service all the males till a general peace, and accepting, in their room, a suitable number of discreet middle aged females; and these, when they have been properly perfected in the mysteries of our language, may be return'd to their several parishes, and there form little infantine communities of literati, which will be a stock for the succeeding generation; and, indeed, upon consideration, I don't know whether this won't prove the best method for the introduction and universal propagation of the plan.

For the English common people, naturally sullen and obstinate, and religiously attach'd to their old customs, might be shock'd and scandaliz'd to see, at one bold stroke, the fescues and fasces, which have been, from time immemorial, consign'd to one, or more matron in every village, ravish'd at once from their hands,

hands, and deliver'd over to the administration of the opposite sex.

But to return to my own subject, from which my zeal for Mr. Professor's success has tempted me to make rather too long a digression.

When I ventur'd to affirm that the profession of an Orator might exist independently of an accurate knowledge of the arrangement, and different combinations of the four and twenty letters, so far as (*in the words of the Professor*) they relate to their being the arbitrary marks of meaning upon paper; yet, I would not be understood to assert this generally, as to every species of oratory, but to confine myself to those particular branches only, where the orator's own mind suggests the matter that his own mouth discharges: For instance, now, as when affairs of state are weigh'd at a common-council, religious points militated at the Robin Hood, the arts and sciences handled in the Strand, or politicks debated near Westminster-abbey; here the arguments and words given are suppos'd to arise from the immediate impulse of the giver; but where they are concurrent agents, as in the oratory peculiar to the pulpit and the stage, where one individual furnishes the matter, and another administers the manner, the case is widely different.

In the first instance, a tolerable proficiency in reading is indispensably requisite, as scarce any memory but the late Mr. Heydegger's

could retain, to any degree of certainty, the various parts of the Liturgy, the Old, and New Testament, briefs, faculties, excommunications, &c. &c. &c. and a lapse on those solemn occasions might be attended with very awkward circumstances: nor would I here be suppos'd to insinuate, that the pieces of oratory delivered from the pulpit are not the composition of the deliverer; no—This is so far from being generally the case, that I have often heard complaints made against particular agents, that they have forc'd upon their congregations their own crude, and insipid productions, when, at the same time, their native language would furnish them with so extensive, and noble a collection of admirable materials. But here the auditor, unless he be well read in theology, may be led into a mistake; for there are some men, who, by a particular happiness in their manner, have the address to make the works of other men so absolutely their own, that there is no distinguishing the difference; at this the poet hints in his *male dum recitas*, &c. For these various reasons, I think a warm application to the art of reading cannot be too strongly recommended to the professors of this kind of oratory.

With regard to the professors of the stage, tho' reading is undoubtedly useful, yet, as the performer is to repeat, and not to read, the deficiency may be supply'd by the introduction of a third agent, viz. a person to read to him till
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the words are rooted in his memory. This expedient, tho' tedious, I have known frequently practis'd with good success: little blunders will now and then unavoidably arise, either from the misapprehension of the second agent, or the ignorance, or waggery of the third; but these slips are generally unobserved, or, thro' inattention or indulgence, overlook'd by an audience. But to return to the consideration of my own plan, from which no temptation shall, for the future, seduce me to digress.

We will first, then, consider the utility of Oratory.

Secondly, the distinct and various kinds, or species of that science, as they are practis'd at this day in this kingdom.

Thirdly, we will demonstrate, that every branch of English oratory is peculiarly our own, owes its rise, progress, and perfection to this country, and was not only unknown to the ancients, but is entirely repugnant to all those principles they have endeavour'd to establish.

Fourthly, that any rhetorical system now existing, instead of a cross in the hands, with letters to direct you on your road, will prove only but a Will in the Wisp, to confound, perplex, and bewilder you.

Fifthly, from hence will result a necessity, for the immediate establishment of an academy, for the promulgation and inculcation of modern oratory.

To which academy, the author of these proposals does hope, sixthly, that he shall be appointed perpetual professor.

Perhaps it may not be impertinent here to observe, that the author has industriously avoided, and will, in the course of this treatise, avoid all poetical allusion, all grandeur of expression, all splendor of diction, in short, renounce every rhetorical prop, as knowing that, on didactic subjects, order, simplicity, and perspicuity are the means to gain his end, which is not to gratify the imagination, but to improve and polish the understanding of my countrymen.

First, then, we are to demonstrate the utility of oratory: and, this, we flatter ourselves will, in a great measure, be evident from the consideration of its universality, and the distinctions it procures, both lucrative and honourable, to any man eminent in the art.

There is, by the constitution of this kingdom, an assembly of many individuals, who, as the seventh son of a seventh son is born a physician, are orators by hereditary right; that is, by birth they are enabled to give their opinions and sentiments on all subjects, where the interest of their country is concern'd: To this we are to add another assembly, consisting of 558 individuals, where, tho' the same privilege is enjoy'd as in the first instance, yet this advantage is not possess'd in virtue of any inherent natural right, but is obtain'd in
con-

consequence of an annual, triennial, or septennial deputation from the whole body of the people; if then we add to this list the number of all those candidates who are ambitious of this honour, with the infinite variety of changes that a revolution of twenty years will produce, we cannot estimate those funds of national orators in *esse, posse, and velle*, to a smaller quantity than 20,000; and this, I believe, by the disciples of Demoivre, will be thought a very moderate computation.

The two orders of the long robe next demand our attention; and as the pre-eminence is unquestionably due to the priesthood, let us consider what number of persons is necessary to supply that service? England is divided into nine thousand nine hundred and thirteen parishes: now, if we suppose two pastors for every parish, this learned body will be found to consist of nineteen thousand eight hundred and twenty-six individuals; but as the most sacred characters are no more exempted from that fatal stroke that puts a temporary period to our existence, than the prophane, it is necessary that a provision should be made of fit and able persons; so that at all events there be no lack of labourers in this plentiful vineyard: nor has the policy of this nation been so blinded as not to guard against this possible contingency, by erecting schools, seminaries, and universities, in which a convenient quantity of our youth are properly trained, in order to fill

up chasms which may be occasionally made by the insatiable scythe of Death. If then we estimate this corps de reserve at the half only of the standing force, we shall find the army entire amount to 29,739.

I foresee that an objection will be made to this calculation, viz. That two pastors to every parish is a most exorbitant and improbable charge; for that many parishes, from impropriations, appropriations, and other accidents, instead of two are scarce able to support one pastor; and that this complaint is almost general throughout the whole principality of Wales, where many individuals of this respectable order, to the great damage of their dignity, are oblig'd to have recourse to very unclerical professions for the support of themselves and families.

This objection we will allow its full force; but then if it be consider'd that in our original estimate we omitted all deans, canons, prebends, heads and fellows of colleges, chaplains to ships, regiments, and private families, together with the whole body of dissenting ministers of all denominations, field-preachers, and parish-clerks, I believe we shall be thought rather to have diminished than exaggerated the real quantity.

As I have not been able to get admittance to the archives of the several inns of court in this metropolis, I am afraid we shall not be able to determine, with the same degree of certainty,

tainty, the exact number of those who have devoted their lives and labours to the explanation and due execution of our municipal laws: I am, therefore, oblig'd to depend on circumstantial evidence, which, in some cases, is admitted, even in our courts, to have equal force with proof positive.

And here the reason of the law (as the law is the perfection of reason) is extremely clear. To illustrate this by an instance:

A swears a robbery against *B*; *A* may lye, or at least be mistaken; but if the goods stolen from *A*, and previously described by him, are found, with their mark, in the possession of *B*, *B* not being able to account for such possession, that circumstance shall be deem'd of at least equal weight against *B*, as if *A* was to swear positively to the personal identity of *B*. This being the practice of the courts, we shall proceed, with all possible expedition (which, indeed, is not the practice of the courts) to produce our proofs circumstantial. As in the former instance we have grounded our calculation on the number of parishes, we shall in this derive our computation from the number of houses in the kingdom.

To any man tolerably acquainted with the country of England, it is unnecessary to observe, that not only in every town, but almost in every hamlet through which he travels, his eyes are constantly caught by the appearance of a smart house, prefac'd with white rails, and
prologu'd

prologu'd by a red door, with a brass knocker; when you desire to be acquainted with the name and quality of the owner of this mansion, you are always told that it belongs to lawyer such a one: now, if a hamlet containing thirty houses, with perhaps an environ of an equal number, where labour and the fruits of the earth are the only sources of wealth, can support one attorney in this rural magnificence; what an infinite number of lawyers can a commercial capital sustain? But because I would rather retrench than exceed, I will only quarter one attorney upon fifty houses. The number of houses in the reign of George the First (since which time the quantity is considerably encreas'd,) was computed at 1,175,951. The number of attorneys then will be 23,518, and if we reckon one barrister to twenty attorneys, the sum total is 24,693.

I know it will be here objected, that but one small part of this numerous body can be benefited by my plan, the privilege of speaking publickly being permitted to the superior order, the barristers alone: but this criticism is confin'd to the observation of what passes merely in Westminster-hall, without considering that, at every quarter and petty session at all county-courts, courts-leet, courts-baron, &c. &c. &c. full power of pleading is permitted to every practitioner of the law.

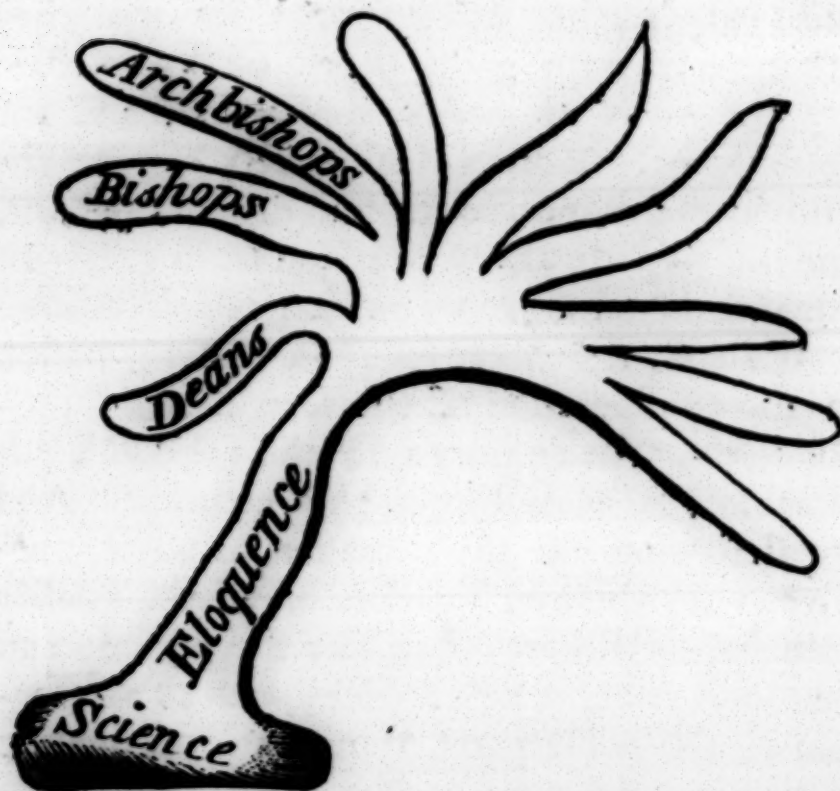
As the number of those who incorporate themselves to promote, not only with their
cash

cash but their counsel, the progress of the arts and sciences, is unlimited, it will be impossible for any fix'd period to ascertain their quantity; nor can we, with any certainty, as the Court-Register has been silent to the members of common-council, determine the amount of the city orators; besides, as what has been already offered is more than sufficient to prove the utility of our scheme from its universality, we shall not trouble our readers nor ourselves with any further calculations; for tho' they are replete with great depth of knowledge, are the result of intense application, and the vehicles of mathematical truths, yet to the million the disquisition is but dry and tedious, and our purpose always was and is, to mix with our instruction a proper portion of delectation.

We will, therefore, for these reasons, hasten to the consideration of the second point propos'd, viz. An enquiry into the various kinds of oratory now existing in this country. And we shall not, on this occasion, trouble ourselves with the investigation of all the smaller branches of this art; but, like the professors in anatomy, contenting ourselves with the dissection of the noble parts, remit the examination of the ignoble ones to the care of subaltern artists. Leaving, then, to the minute philosophers of the age all the orators of vestries, clubs, and coffee-houses, *Paulo majora canamus*, and for the better illustration of this head, permit me, reader, to be a little fanciful.

24 THE ORATORS.

ful. We will suppose oratory to be one large tree, of which tree science is the *radix*; eloquence the trunk; from which trunk sprout four distinct ramifications; from which ramifications depends a fruit peculiar to each. But to make this clearer, we will present thee with the tree itself, not enigmatically hieroglyphied, but plainly and palpably pourtray'd.



But here, reader, let me not arrogate to myself the merit of this happy explication; I own the hint was first given me with my Grammar.
The

The ingenious, profound Lilly, after he has led his pupils through the various, and almost impervious provinces of nouns, pronouns, verbs, participles, and adverbs, conducts them to the foot of that arduous and stupendous mountain *Qui Mibi*: here, dreading lest his youthful ardour might be damp'd with the steep ascent, he reanimates his slacken'd nerves with the mystic picture of an apple-tree, the access to whose boughs, tho' tedious and difficult, will yet be amply rewarded by leave to revel uncontroll'd through the whole region of pepins. May the luscious fruit sprouting from the apex of each of my ramifications prove an equal spur to every beardless orator!

I don't know whether the mentioning another order of orators, as they are not at present existing in this kingdom, may not be deemed an impropriety. But as I am a sincere lover of my country, I can't help recommending an immediate importation of some of those useful and able artists. Sir William Temple, in his *Essay on Poetry*, has recorded their virtues; and as the race was not extinguished in his time, it is to be hoped that it still remains.

In Ireland, says Sir William, the great men of their scepts, amongst many officers of their family, had not only a physician, a huntsman, a smith, and such like, but a poet and tale-teller.

The first recorded and sung the actions of their ancestors, and entertained the company
at

at feasts; the latter amused them with tales, when they were melancholy and could not sleep: and a very gallant gentleman has told me, of his own experience, that in his wolf-hunting there, when he us'd to be abroad in the mountains three or four days together, and lay very ill at nights, so as he could not well sleep, they would bring one of those tale-tellers, that when he lay down would begin a story of a king, or a giant, a dwarf and a damsel, and continue all night long in such an even tone that you heard him going on whenever you awakened; and he believ'd nothing any physicians could give had so good and so innocent an effect to make men sleep in any pains or distempers of body or mind. These are Sir William Temple's words, which contain an amazing instance of the power of those orators over the passions, it requiring full as much art and address to assuage and quell, as to blow up, and excite a tumult in the mind.

In a bill not long since depending in parliament, for the better regulating the city-watch, a clause was recommended by a late respectable magistrate, that, to prevent the watchmen from sleeping at nights on bulks (the source of many disorders) the said watchmen should be compelled to sleep six hours in the day; an arch member seconded the motion, and begg'd to be included in this clause; for that being grievously afflicted with the gout, he could not for many days sleep a single wink; now
if

if he could be compelled to take a six hours sleep every day, he apprehended that his fits would be of a much shorter duration. Upon this dry comment, the motion was rashly rejected ; but if the house had received the least intimation of the astonishing abilities of the Rockers, (for by that appellation I choose to distinguish this order of orators,) I am convinced that the above clause would not only have been receiv'd, but that proper encouragement would have been given, by parliament, for the introduction and establishment of this useful oratorical sect.

Nor, indeed, considering the vast addition to our customary cares, from the unaccountable fluctuation of our funds, the cause of concern to many thousand individuals, do I think a visit from a convenient quantity of those artists would be now out of season ; but how this honour is to be obtain'd, whether any of these great men are now residing amongst us, under the disguise of chairmen and hackney coachmen ; or, whether it would not be more adviseable to employ those gentlemen who have so lately and successfully rummaged the Highlands of Scotland and Ireland for the remains of Runic poetry in search of the ablest professors, is submitted to the Society for the Encouragement of Arts ?

I am aware that, on this occasion, some arch wag, possess'd of the same spirit with the above senator, will object to my scheme of
impor-

importation, by alledging, that we have of our own growth, an ample provision of rockers, and refer us for proof to our several churches and chapels, during the hours of eleven and two on a Sunday, where the sleep compelling power will be experimentally demonstrated to exist in its full force amongst us; but not to derogate from the abilities of my countrymen, surely the shortness of the time, the cause of the nap rarely continuing above fifteen or sixteen minutes, will not admit of a proper experiment: besides, how can one orator supply a whole parish, unless, indeed, our churches were to be converted into dormitories, which I can't think will happen, as this would be attended with inconveniencies too obvious to need a recital.

Abstracted from this last order, the English orators are to be divided into four distinct classes, the pulpit, the senate, the bar, and the stage; with the first of these branches, the pulpit, I shan't interfere, and, indeed, so few people now of consequence and consideration frequent the churches, that the art is scarce worth cultivation. The bar—

SCAMPER.

Pshaw! there's enough of this dull prosing; come, give us a little of something that's funny; you talk'd about pupils. Could not we see them?

FOOTE.

FOOTE.

Rather too precipitate, Sir ; but however, in some measure to satisfy you, and demonstrate the success of our scheme ; give me leave to introduce to you a most extraordinary instance, in the person of a young Highlander. It is not altogether a year since this astonishing subject spoke nothing but Erse. Encourag'd by the prodigies of my brother professor's skill, whose fame, like the Chevalier Taylor's, pierces the remotest regions, his relations were tempted to send this young genius to Edinburgh ; where he went thro' a regular course of the professor's lectures, to finish his studies ; he has been about six weeks under my care, and, considering the time, I think you will be amaz'd at his progress. Donald—

Enter DONALD.

What's yer wull, Sir?

FOOTE.

Will you give these ladies and gentlemen a proof of your skill ?

DONALD.

Ah, ye wad ha' a specimen of my oratorical art.

FOOTE.

If you please.

DONALD.

In gude troth on ye sal ; wol ye gi' me a topick ?

C

FOOTE.

30 THE ORATORS.

FOOTE.

O! chuse for yourself.

DONALD.

It's aw one to Donald.

FOOTE.

What think you of a short panegyrick on the science we are treating of?

DONALD.

On oratory; wi' aw my heart.

FOOTE.

Mind your action; let that accompany your words—

DONALD.

Dunna heed, man—The topic I presum to haundle, is the miraculous gifts of an orator, wha, by the bare power of his words, he leads men, women, and bairns as he lists—

SCAMPER.

And who?

DONALD.

[Tartly.

Men, women, and bairns.

SCAMPER.

Bairns; who are they?

FOOTE.

Oh! children——his meaning is obvious enough.

DONALD.

THE ORATORS. 31

DONALD.

Ay, ay; men, women, and bairns where-
ever he lifts; and first for the antiquity of the
art—Ken ye, my lads, wha was the first ora-
tor?—Mayhap, ye think it was Tully the
Latinist; ye are wide o'the mark; or Demo-
sthenes the Greek? In gude troth, ye're as far
off as before—Wha was it, then? It was e'en
that arch-chiel, the Deevil himsel—

SCAMPER.

[Hastily.

The devil it was; how do you prove that?

DONALD.

Guds zounds, mon, ye brake the thrid of
my harang; an ye'll but ha'd yer tongue, I'll
prove it as plain as a pike-staff.

TIREHACK.

Be quiet, Will, and let him go on.

DONALD.

I say it was that arch-chiel, the Deevil
himsel. Ye ken weel, my lads, how Adam
and Eve were planted in Eden, wi plenty o'
bannocks and cail, and aw that they wished,
but were prohibited the eating of pepins—

SCAMPER.

Apples—

DONALD.

Weel, weel, and are na pepins and apples
aw the same thing?

FOOTE.

Nay, pray, Gentlemen, hear him out. Go on with your pepins.—

DONALD.

Prohibited the eating of pepins; upon which what does me the orator Satan, but he whifpers a saft speech in her lug; egad our gran-num fell to in an instant, and eat a pepin without staying to pare it—(*Addresses himself to the Oxonians.*) Ken ye lads, wha was the first orator, now?

TIREHACK, to Scamper.

What fay you to that?

SCAMPER.

By my soul, the fellow's right—

DONALD.

Ay, but ye wan'na ha' patience—ye wan'na ha' patience, lads—

TIREHACK.

Hold your jaw, and go on—

DONALD.

Now, we come to the difinition of an orator; and it is from the Latin words *oro*, *orare*, to intreat, or perfwad; and how, by the means o' elocution, or argument, which argument confifts o' letters, which letters join'd mak syllables, which syllables compounded mak words, which

which words combin'd mak sentences, or periods, or which aw together mak an orator, so the first gift of an orator is words—

SCAMPER.

Here, Donald, you are out.

DONALD.

How so?

SCAMPER.

Words, the first gift of an orator! No, Donald, no, at school I learn'd better than that: Do'st not remember, Will, what is the first perfection of an orator? action. The second, action. The third, action.

TIREHACK.

Right, right, Harry, as right as my nail; there, Donald, I think he has given you a dose—

DONALD.

An ye stay me, i' the midst o' my argument—

SCAMPER.

Why don't you stick to truth?

DONALD.

I tell ye, I can *logically*.—

TIREHACK.

Damn your logick—

DONALD.

Mighty weel—Maister Foote, how ca' ye this usage?

FOOTE.

Oh, never mind them—proceed.

DONALD.

In gude troth, I'll nat say ane ward mare.

FOOTE.

Finish, finish, Donald.—

DONALD.

Ah! they have jumbled aw my ideas together; but an they wall enter into a fair argumentation, I'll convince 'em that Donald Macgregor is mare than a match,—

SCAMPER.

You be—

DONALD.

Very weel—

FOOTE.

Nay, but my dear Donald—

DONALD.

Hands aff, Maister Foote—I ha' finish'd my tale, the De'el a word mare sal ye get out o' Donald—yer servant, Sir. *(Exit.*

FOOTE.

You see, gentlemen, what your impatience has lost us.

SCAMPER.

Rot him, let him go; but is this fellow one of your *pupils*? why, what a damnable twang he has got, with his men, women, and bairns.—

FOOTE.

FOOTE.

His pronunciation is, I own, a little irregular; but then consider he is but merely a novice; why, even in his present condition, he makes no bad figure for his five minutes at the *Robin-Hood*; and in a month or two, we shan't be asham'd to start him in a more *respectable place*.

But now, gentlemen, we are to descend to the peculiar essential qualities of each distinct species of oratory; and first for the bar—but as no didactic rules can so well convey, or words make a proper impression, we will have recourse to more palpable means, and endeavour, by a lively imitation, to demonstrate the extent of our art. We must, for this end, employ the aid of our pupils; but as some preparation is necessary, we hope you will indulge us in a short interruption.

End of the FIRST ACT.



A C T II.

SCENE, *A Hall of Justice.**Enter* FOOTE.

THE first species of Oratory we are to demonstrate our skill in, is that of the bar; and, in order to give our lecture an air of reality, you are to suppose this a court of justice, furnish'd with proper ministers to discharge the necessary functions. But, to supply these gentlemen with business, we must likewise institute an imaginary cause; and, that the whole may be ideal, let it be the prosecution of an imaginary being; I mean the phantom of Cock-lane, a phenomenon that has much puzzled the brains, and terrify'd the minds of many of our fellow-subjects.

You are to consider, ladies and gentlemen, that the language of the bar is a species of oratory distinct from every other. It has been observ'd, that the ornaments of this profession have not shone with equal lustre in an assembly near their own hall; the reason assign'd, though a pleasant, is not the true *one*. It has been hinted, that these gentlemen were in want of their briefs; but was that the disease, the remedy would be easy enough: they need only have recourse to the *artifice* successfully practis'd

THE ORATORS. 37

practis'd by some of their colleagues; instead of having their briefs in their hands, to hide them at the bottom of their hats.

[Calls to his pupils, who enter dress'd as a justice, a clerk, a serjeant at law, and a counsellor.]

You will remember, Gentlemen, your proper pauses, repetitions, hums, ha's, and interjections: now seat yourselves, and you the counsel remember to be mighty dull, and you the justice to fall asleep. I must prepare to appear in this cause as a witness. *[Exit.*

J U S T I C E.

Clerk, read the indictment.

C L E R K *Reads.*

Middlesex, to wit.

Fanny Phantom, you are indicted, That on, or before the first day of January, 1762, you, the said Fanny, did, in a certain house, in a certain street, call'd Cock-lane, in the county of Middlesex, maliciously, treacherously, wickedly, and wilfully, by certain thumpings, knockings, scratchings, and flutterings against doors, walls, wainscots, bedsteads, and bed-posts, disturb, annoy, assault, and terrify divers innocent, inoffensive, harmless, quiet, simple people, residing in, at, near, or about the said Cock-lane, and elsewhere, in the said county of Middlesex, to the great prejudice of said people in said county. How say you, guilty, or—

C O U N -

COUNSELLOR *stops the Clerk short.*

May it please your worship—hem—I am council in this cause for the ghost—hem—and before I can permit her to plead, I have an objection to make, that is—hem—I shall object to her pleading at all.—Hem—It is the standing law of this country—hem—and has—hem—always been so allow'd, deem'd, and practis'd, that—hem—all criminals should be try'd *per pares*, by their equals—hem—that is—hem—by a jury of equal rank with themselves. Now, if this be the case, as the case it is; I—hem—I should be glad to know, how my client can be try'd in this here manner. And first, who is my client? She is in the indictment call'd a phantom, a ghost; What is a ghost? a spirit. What is a spirit? a spirit is a thing that exists independently of, and is superior to flesh and blood. And can any man go for to think, that I can advise my client to submit to be try'd by people of an inferior rank to herself? certainly no—I therefore, humbly move to quash this indictment, unless a jury of ghosts be first had, and obtain'd; unless a jury of ghosts be first had and obtain'd. [Sits down.]

SERJEANT.

I am, in this cause, Council against Fanny Phantom the ghost;—eh,—and notwithstanding the rule laid down by Mr. Prosequi, be—eh—right in the main, yet here it can't
avail

avail his client a whit. We allow—eh—we do allow, please your worship, that Fanny *quoad* Phantom,—eh—had originally a right to a jury of ghosts; but—eh—if she did, by any act of her own, forfeit this right, her plea cannot be admitted. Now, we can prove, please your worship, prove by a cloud of witnesses, that said Fanny did, as specified in the indictment, scratch, knock, and flutter;—eh—which said scratchings, knockings, and flutterings—eh—being operations, merely peculiar to flesh, blood, and body—eh—we do humbly apprehend—eh—that by condescending to execute the aforesaid operations, she has wav'd her privilege as a ghost, and may be try'd in the ordinary form, according to the statute so made and provided in the reign of, &c. &c. &c.

Your worship's opinion.

TIRE HACK.

Smoke the justice, he is as fast as a church.

SCAMPER.

I fancy he has touch'd the tankard too much this morning; he'll know a good deal of what they have been saying.

JUSTICE,

[Is wak'd by the Clerk, who tells him they have pleaded.]

Why the objection—oh—brought by Mr. Prosequi, is (*whispers the clerk*) doubtless provisionally a valid objection; but then, if the
culprit

culprit has, by an act of her own, defeated her privilege, as asserted in Mr. Serjeant's replication; we conceive she may be legally try'd—oh,—besides—oh,—besides, I, I, I can't well see how we could impanel a jury of ghosts; or—oh—how twelve spirits, who have no body at all, can be said to take a corporal oath, as requir'd by law—unless, indeed, as in case of the peerage, the prisoner may be try'd on their honour.

COUNSELLOR.

Your worship's distinction is just; knockings, scratchings, &c. as asserted by Mr. Serjeant.—

SERJEANT.

Asserted—Sir, do you doubt my instructions?

COUNSELLOR.

No interruptions, if you please, Mr. Serjeant; I say as asserted, but can assertions be admitted as proofs; certainly no—

SERJEANT.

Our evidence is ready—

COUNSELLOR.

To that we object, to that we object, as it will anticipate the merits—your worship—

SERJEANT.

Your worship—

JUSTICE.

THE ORATORS. 41

JUSTICE.

Why, as you impeach the ghost's privilege,
you must produce proofs of her scratchings.

SERJEANT.

Call Shadrach Bodkin.

CLERK.

Shadrach Bodkin, come into court.

SERJEANT. [Enter Bodkin.

Pray, Mr. Bodkin, where do you live?

BODKIN.

I sojourn in Lukener's-lane.

SERJEANT.

What is your profession?

BODKIN.

I am a *teacher* of the *word*, and a *taylor*.

SCAMPER.

Zounds, Will, it is a methodist.

TIREHACK.

No, sure!

SCAMPER.

By the lord Harry, it is.

CLERK.

Silence.

SERJEANT.

Do you know any thing of Fanny the
phantom?

BODKIN.

42 THE ORATORS.

BODKIN.

Yea—I do.

SERJEANT.

Can you give any account of her thumpings, scratchings, and flutterings?

BODKIN.

Yea—manifold have been the scratchings, and knockings that I have heard.

SERJEANT.

Name the times.

BODKIN.

I have attended the spirit *Fanny* from the first day of her flutterings, even to the last scratch that she gave.

SERJEANT.

How long may that be?

BODKIN.

Five weeks did she flutter, and six weeks did she scratch.

SCAMPER.

Six weeks—Damn it, I wonder she did not wear out her nails.

CLERK.

Silence.

SERJEANT.

I hope the court is convinced.

COUN-

COUNSELLOR.

Hold, Master Bodkin, you and I must have a little discourse. A taylor, you say. Do you work at your business?

BODKIN.

No—

COUNSELLOR.

Look upon me, look upon the court—Then your present trade is your teaching?

BODKIN.

It is no trade.

COUNSELLOR.

What is it then, a calling?

BODKIN.

No, it is no calling—it is rather—as I may say—a *forcing*—a *compelling*—

COUNSELLOR.

By whom?

BODKIN.

By the spirit that is within me—

SCAMPER.

It is an evil spirit, I believe; and needs must when the devil drives, you know, Will.

TIREHACK.

Right, Harry—

COUN.

COUNSELLOR.

When did you first feel these spiritual motions?

BODKIN.

In the town of Norwich, where I was born; — One day as I was sitting cross-legged on my shop-board, new seating a cloth pair of breeches of Mr. alderman Crape's — I felt the spirit within me, moving upwards and downwards, and this way and that way, and tumbling and jumbling — at first I thought it was the cholic —

COUNSELLOR.

And how are you certain it was not?

BODKIN.

At last I heard a voice whispering within me, crying, Shadrach, Shadrach, Shadrach, cast away the things that belong to thee, thy thimble and sheers, and do the things that I bid thee.

COUNSELLOR.

And you did?

BODKIN.

Yea, verily.

COUNSELLOR.

I think I have heard a little of you, Master Bodkin; and so you quitted your business, your wife, and your children?

BODKIN.

BODKIN.

I did.

COUNSELLOR.

You did—But then you commun'd with other men's wives?

BODKIN.

Yea, and with widows, and with maidens.

COUNSELLOR.

How came that about, Shadrach?

BODKIN.

I was moved thereunto by the spirit.

COUNSELLOR.

I should rather think by the flesh—I have been told, friend Bodkin, that twelve became pregnant—

BODKIN.

Thou art deceived—They were barely but nine.

COUNSELLOR.

Why, this was an active spirit.

SERGEANT.

But to the point, Mr. Prosequi.

COUNSELLOR.

Well, then—you say you have heard those scratchings and knockings?

BODKIN.

Yea—

D

COUN-

COUNSELLOR.

But why did you think they came from a spirit?

BODKIN.

Because the very same thumps, scratches, and knocks, I have felt on my breast-bone from the spirit within me—

COUNSELLOR.

And these noises you are sure you heard on the first day of January?

BODKIN.

Certain—

SERJEANT.

But to what do all those interrogatories tend?

COUNSELLOR.

To a most material purpose; your worship observes, that Bodkin is positive as to the noises made on the first day of January by Fanny the phantom: now if we can prove an *Alibi*, that is, that, on that very day, at that very time, the said Fanny was scratching and fluttering any where else, we apprehend that we destroy the credit of this witness—Call Peter Paragraph.

CLERK.

Peter Paragraph, come into court.

COUN-

COUNSELLOR.

This gentleman is an eminent printer, and has collected, for the public information, every particular relative to this remarkable story; but as he has the misfortune to have but one leg, your worship will indulge him in the use of a chair.

CLERK.

Peter Paragraph, come into court.

COUNSELLOR. [Enter Paragraph.]

Pray, Mr. Paragraph, where was you born?

PARAGRAPH.

Sir, I am a native of Ireland, and born and bred in the city of Dublin.

COUNSELLOR.

When did you arrive in the city of London?

PARAGRAPH.

About the last autumnal equinox; and now I recollect, my *Journal* makes mention of my departure for England, in the Belsborough Packet, Friday, October the tenth, N. S. or New Stile.

COUNSELLOR.

Oh! Then the Journal is yours?

PARAGRAPH.

Please your worship, it is; and relating thereto I believe I can give you a pleasant con-

48 THE ORATORS.

ceit—Last week I went to visit a *peer*, for I know *peers*, and *peers* know me. Quoth his lordship to me, Mr. Paragraph, with respect to your Journal, I would wish that your paper was whiter, or your ink blacker. Quoth I to the peer, by way of *reply*, I hope you will own there is enough for the money; his lordship was pleased to laugh. It was such a pretty repartee, he, he, he, he—

JUSTICE.

Pray, Mr. Paragraph, what might be your business in England?

PARAGRAPH.

Hem—a little love affair, please your worship.

COUNSELLOR.

A wife, I suppose—

PARAGRAPH.

Something tending that way; even so long ago as January 1739-40, there past some amorous glances between us: she is the daughter of old Vamp of the Turnstile; but at that time I stifled my passion, Mrs. Paragraph being then in the land of the living.

COUNSELLOR.

She is now dead?

PARAGRAPH.

Three years and three quarters, please your worship: we were exceeding happy together; she was, indeed, a little apt to be jealous.

COUN-

COUNSELLOR.

No wonder—

PARAGRAPH.

Yes: they can't help it, poor souls; but notwithstanding, at her death, I gave her a prodigious good character in my Journal.

COUNSELLOR.

And how proceeds the present affair?

PARAGRAPH.

Just now, we are quite at a stand—

COUNSELLOR.

How so?

PARAGRAPH.

The old scoundrel her father has play'd me a slippery trick.

COUNSELLOR.

Indeed!

PARAGRAPH.

As he could give no money in hand, I agreed to take her *fortune* in *copies*; I was to have the Wits *Vade Mecum* entire; four hundred of News from the Invisible World, in sheets; all that remained of Glanvil upon Witches; Hill's Bees, Bardana, Brewing, and Balsam of Honey; and three eighths of Robinson Crusoe.

COUNSELLOR.

A pretty fortune!

PARAGRAPH.

Yes; they are things that stir in the trade; but you must know that we agreed to go halves in Fanny the Phantom. But whilst I and two authors, whom I had hir'd to ask questions, at nine shillings a night, were taking notes of the knockings at the house of Mr. Parsons himself, that old rascal Vamp had privately printed off a thousand eighteen-penny scratchings, purchased of two methodist preachers, at the public house over the way—

COUNSELLOR.

Now we come to the point—look upon this evidence; was he present at Mr. Parsons's knockings?

PARAGRAPH.

Never; this is one of the rascally methodists—Harkee, fellow, how could you be such a scoundrel to sell for genuine your counterfeit scratchings to Vamp?

BODKIN.

My scratchings were the true scratchings—

PARAGRAPH.

Why, you lying son of a whore, did not I buy all my materials from the girl's father himself?

BODKIN.

THE ORATORS. 51

BODKIN.

What the spirit commanded, that did I.

PARAGRAPH.

What spirit?

BODKIN.

The spirit within me—

PARAGRAPH.

If I could but get at you, I would soon try what sort of a spirit it is—stop, you villain.

[Exit BODKIN.]

The rogue has made his escape—but I will dog him, to find out his haunts, and then return for a warrant—His scratchings! a scoundrel; I will have justice, or I'll turn his tabernacle into a pigstye. [Exit PARAGRAPH.]

COUNSELLOR.

I hope, please your worship, we have sufficiently established our *Alibi*.

JUSTICE.

You are unquestionably entitled to a jury of ghosts.

COUNSELLOR.

Mr. Serjeant, you will provide us a list?

SERJEANT.

Let us see—you have no objection to Sir George Villars; the evil genius of Brutus; the ghost of Banquo; Mrs. Veal.

COUNSELLOR.

We object to a woman—your worship—

JUSTICE.

Why, it is not the practice ; this, it must be own'd, is an extraordinary case. But, however, if, on conviction, the phantom should plead pregnancy, Mrs. Veal will be admitted on the jury of matrons.

SERJEANT.

I thank your worship: then the court is adjourned.

[Terence and Dermot in an upper box.

TERENCE.

By my shoul, but I will spake.

DERMOT.

Arrah, be quiet, Terence.

TERENCE.

Dibble burn me but I will; hut, hut, not spake, what should ail me; harkee you, Mr. Justice—

SCAMPER.

Hollo, what's the matter now, Will?

DERMOT.

Leave off, honey Terence, now you are well—

TERENCE.

Dermot, be easy—

SCAM-

SCAMPER.

Hear him—

TIREHACK.

Hear him—

TERENCE.

Ay, hear him, hear him; why the matter is this, Mr. Justice, that little hopping fellow there, that Dublin Journal man is as great a liar as ever was born—

TIREHACK.

How so?

TERENCE.

Ay, prithee don't bodder me; what, d'ye learn no more manners at Oxford college, than to stop a gentleman in the midst of his speech before he begins? oh, for shame of yourself— Why the matter is this, Mr. Justice, that there what the debble d'ye call him, Pra-Praragraf, but, by my shoul, that is none of his name neither, I know the little bastard as well as myself; as to Fanny the phantom, long life to the poor gontlewoman, he knows no more of her than the mother that bore her—

SUDS.

Indeed! good lord, you surprize me?

TERENCE.

TERENCE.

Arrah, now, honey Suds, spake when you are spoke to; you ar'nt upon the jury, my jewel, now; by my shoul you are a little too fat for a ghost.

TIREHACK.

Prithee, friend Ephraim, let him go on? let's hear a little what he would be at—

TERENCE.

I say, he knows nothing about the case that is litigated here, d'ye see, at all, at all; becase why, I hant ha been from Dublin above four weeks, or a month; and I saw him in his shop every day; so that how could he be here and there too? unless, indeed, he used to fly backwards and forwards, and that you see is impossible, becase why, he has got a wooden leg.

SCAMPER.

What the devil is the fellow about?

TIREHACK.

I simoak him—harkee, Terence, who do you take that lame man to be?

TERENCE.

Oh, my jewel, I know him well enough sure by his parson, for all he thought to conceal himself by changing his name—

SCAMPER.

THE ORATORS. 55

SCAMPER.

Why, it is Foote, you fool.

TERENCE.

Arrah, who?

TIREHACK.

Foote.

TERENCE.

Fot, what the lecture-man? Pa—

TIREHACK.

Yes.

TERENCE.

Arrah, be easy, honey—

SCAMPER.

Nay, enquire of Suds.

SUDS.

Truly I am minded 'twas he.

TERENCE.

Your humble servant yourself, Mr. Suds; by my shoul, I'll wager you three thirteens to a rap, that it is no such matter at all, at all.

SCAMPER.

Done—and be judg'd by the company.

TERENCE.

Done—I'll ask the Orator himself—here he comes; [*Enter Foote.*] Harkee, honey Fot,
was

56 THE ORATORS.

was it yourself that was happening about here but now?

FOOTE.

I have heard your debate, and must give judgment against you—

TERENCE.

What, yourself, yourself!

FOOTE.

It was—

TERENCE.

Then, faith, I have lost my thirteens — Arrah, but Fot, my jewel, why are you after playing such pranks to bring an honest gentleman into company where he is nat — But what, is this felling of lectures a thriving profession?

FOOTE.

I can't determine as yet; the public have been very indulgent; I have not long open'd.

TERENCE.

By my shoul, if it answers, will you be my pupil, and learn me the trade?

FOOTE.

Willingly—

TERENCE.

That's an honest fellow, long life to you, lad. [Sits down.]

Enter

THE ORATORS. 57

Enter M' GEORGE.

M' GEORGE.

Here is doctor Friscano without.

FOOTE.

Friscano—who is he?

M' GEORGE.

The German physician from James-street.

FOOTE.

Well; what is his business with me?

M' GEORGE.

He is in danger of losing his trade.

FOOTE.

How so?

M' GEORGE.

He says, last summer, things went on glibly enough; for then he had the market all to himself; but this year there is an Italian fellow started up in the garden, that with his face and grimace has taken all his patients away.

FOOTE.

That's hard.

M' GEORGE.

Dreadful — if you was to hear the poor man's terrible tale you would really be moved to compassion: he says that his bleeding won't
find

58 THE ORATORS.

find him in bread; and as to the tooth trade, excepting two stumps, for six-pence a piece, 'tis a month since he looked in a mouth—

FOOTE.

How can I help him?

M' GEORGE.

Why, he thinks oratory will do all with the English; and if you would but teach him to talk, he should soon get his custom again—

FOOTE.

Can he read?

M' GEORGE.

Oh Lord! poor man, no.

FOOTE.

Well, let him attend here on—

M' GEORGE.

He hopes you will quickly dispatch him, for if he finds he can't do as a doctor, he intends to return to the curing of horses again.

FOOTE.

Well, tell him that he may rest assured, he shall either bleed or shoe in a fortnight.

[Exit M' GEORGE.]

FOOTE.

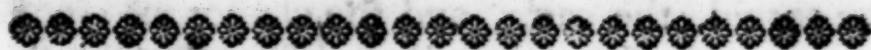
Having thus compleated our lecture on the eloquence peculiar to the bar, we shall produce one great group of orators, in which will be exhibited specimens of every branch of the art.

THE ORATORS. 59

art. You will have, at one view, the choleric, the placid, the voluble, the frigid, the frothy, the turgid, the calm, and the clamorous ; and as a proof of our exquisite skill, our subjects are not such as a regular education has prepared for the reception of this sublime science, but a set of illiterate mechanics, whom you are to suppose assembled at the Robin-hood in the Butcher-row, in order to discuss and adjust the various systems of Europe ; but particularly to determine the separate interest of their own mother country.

End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT



A C T III.

SCENE, *The Robin Hood.*

The PRESIDENT.

Dermot O'Droheda, *a Chairman*; Tim Twist, *a Taylor*; Strap, *a Shoemaker*; Anvil, *a Smith*; Sam Slaughter, *a Butcher*; Catchpole, *a Bailiff*. All with Pewter Pots before them.

PRESIDENT.

SILENCE, gentlemen; are your pots replenished with porter?

A L L.

Full, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT.

We will then proceed to the business of the day; and let me beg, gentlemen, that you will, in your debates, preserve that decency and decorum that is due to the importance of your deliberations, and the dignity of this illustrious assembly—

[*Gets up, pulls off his hat, and reads the motion.*
Motion made last Monday to be debated to-day, “That, for the future, instead of that
“vulgar

THE ORATORS. 61

“vulgar potation called porter, the honour-
“able members may be supplied with a pro-
“per quantity of Irish usquebagh.

“Dermot O'Droheda † his mark.”

O'DROHEDA.

[Gets up.

That's I myself.

PRESIDENT.

Mr. O'Droheda.

O'DROHEDA.

Mr. President, the case is this; it is not be-
cause I am any grate lover of that same usque-
bagh that I have set my mark to the motion;
but because I did not think it was decent for a
number of gentlemen that were, d'ye see,
met to settle the affairs of the nation, to be
guzzling a pot of porter; to be sure the liquor
is a pretty sort of a liquor enough when a man
is hot with trotting between a couple of poles;
but this is anotherguess matter, because why,
the head is concerned; and if it was not for
the malt and the haps, dibble burn me but I
would as soon take a drink from the Thames
as your porter. But as to usquebagh; ah long
life to the liquor—it is an exhilarator of the
bowels, and a stomatic to the head; I say,
Mr. President, it invigorates, it stimulates,
it—in short it is the onliest liquor of life, and
no man alive will die whilst he drinks it.

[Sits down. Twist gets up, having a piece
of paper, containing the heads of what he
says, in his hat.

E

P R E-

PRESIDENT.

Mr. Timothy Twist.

TIM TWIST.

Mr. President, I second Mr. O'Droheda's motion; and, fir, give me leave—I say, Mr. President—*[looks in his hat]* give me leave to observe, that, fir, tho' it is impossible to add any force to what has been advanced by my honourable friend in the straps; yet, fir, *[looks into his hat again,]* it may, fir, I say, be necessary to obviate some objections that may be made to the motion; and first, it may be thought—I say, fir, some gentlemen may think, that this may prove pernicious to our manufacture—*[looks in his hat,]* and the duty doubtless it is of every member of this illustrious assembly to have a particular eye unto that; but Mr. President—fir—*[looks in his hat, is confused, and sits down.]*

PRESIDENT.

Mr. Twist, O pray finish, Mr. Twist.

TWIST.

[Gets up.]

I say, Mr. President, that, fir, if, fir, it be considered that—as—I say—*[looks in his hat,]* I have nothing farther to say. *[Sits down, and Strap gets up.]*

PRESIDENT.

Mr. Strap.

STRAP.

Mr. President, it was not my intention to
trouble

trouble the assembly upon this occasion, but when I hear insinuations thrown out by gentlemen, where the interest of this country is so deeply concerned, I own I cannot sit silent; and give me leave to say, sir, there never came before this assembly a point of more importance than this; it strikes, sir, at the very root, sir, of your constitution; for, sir, what does this motion imply? it implies that porter, a wholesome, domestic manufacture, is to be prohibited at once. And for what, sir? for a foreign, pernicious commodity. I had, sir, formerly the honour, in conjunction with my learned friend in the leather apron, to expel sherbet from amongst us, as I looked upon lemons as a fatal and foreign fruit; and can it be thought, sir, that I will sit silent to this? No, sir, I will put my shoulders strongly against it; I will oppose it *manibus totibus*. For should this proposal prevail, it will not end here: fatal, give me leave to say, will, I foresee, be the issue; and I shan't be surprized, in a few days, to hear from the same quarter, a motion for the expulsion of gin, and a premium for the importation of whisky.

[A hum of approbation, with significant nods and winks from the other members. He sits down, and Anvil and another member get up together; some cry Anvil, others Jacobs.]

PRESIDENT.

Mr. Anvil.

ANVIL.

Mr. President, sir—

*[The members all blow their noses, and cough;
Anvil talks all the while, but is not heard.]*

PRESIDENT.

Silence, gentlemen; pray, gentlemen. A worthy member is up.

ANVIL.

I say, Mr. President, that if we consider this case to its utmost extent—*[all the members cough, and blow their noses again,]* I say, sir, I will. Nay, I insist on being heard. If any gentleman has any thing to say any where else, I'll hear him.

[Members all laugh, and Anvil sits down in a passion, and Slaughter gets up.]

PRESIDENT.

Mr. Samuel Slaughter.

SLAUGHTER.

Sir, I declare it, at the bare hearing of this here motion, I am all over in a sweat; for my part I can't think what gentlemen mean by talking in that there manner; not but I likes that every man should deliver his mind; I does mine; it has been ever my way; and when a member opposes me I like him the better

ter for it; it's right; I am pleas'd; he can't please me more; it is as it should be; and tho' I differ from the honourable gentleman in the flannel night-cap, over the way, yet I am pleased to hear him say what he thinks; for, fir, as I said, it is always my rule to say what I think, right or wrong—[*a loud laugh.*] Ay, ay, gentlemen may laugh, with all my heart, I am used to it, I don't mind it a farthing; but, fir, with regard to that there motion, I entirely agree with my worthy friend with the pewter pot at his mouth. Now, fir, I would fain ask any gentleman this here question; Can any thing in nature be more natural for an Englishman, than porter? I declare, Mr. President, I think it the most wholesomest liquor in the world. But if it must be a change, let us change it for rum, a wholesome palatable liquor, a liquor that—in short, Mr. President, I don't know such a liquor. Ay, gentlemen may stare; I say, and I say it upon my conscience, I don't know such a liquor. Besides, I think there is in this here affair a point of law, which I shall leave to the consideration of the learned, and for that there reason, I shall take up no more of your time.

[*He sits down, Catchpole gets up.*]

P R E S I D E N T.

Mr. Catchpole.

C A T C H -

CATCHPOLE.

I get up to the point of law. And though, sir, I am bred to the business, I can't say I am prepared for this question. But though this usquebaugh, as a dram, may not (by name) be subject to a duty, yet it is my opinion, or rather belief, it will be consider'd, as in the case of horses, to come under the article of dry'd goods—But I move that another day this point be debated.

SLAUGHTER.

I second the motion.

[Catchpole gives a paper to the President, who reads it.]

PRESIDENT.

Hear your motion.

“ That it be debated next Thursday, whether the dram usquebaugh is subject to a particular duty; or, as the case of horses, to be considered under the article of dry'd goods.”

A L L.

Agreed, agreed.

FOOTE.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, having produced to you glaring proofs of our great ability in every species of oratory, having manifested, in the persons of our pupils, our infinite address in conveying our knowledge to others,
we

THE ORATORS. 67

we shall close our morning's lecture, instituted for the public good, with a proposal for the particular improvement of individuals. We are ready to give private instructions to any reverend gentleman in his probationary sermon for a lectureship; to young barristers who have causes to open, or motions to make; to all candidates for the sock or buskin; or to the new members of any of those oratorical societies with which this metropolis is at present so plentifully stock'd.

F I N I S.







M^r Foote in the Character of M^{rs} Cole .

THE
M I N O R,
 A
C O M E D Y.

WRITTEN BY
SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

As it is Acted at the

Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane.

Tantum Religio potuit suadere Malorum.

The SEVENTH EDITION.

L O N D O N:

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MDCCLXVII.

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

PERSONS in the INTRODUCTION.

FOOTE.

CANKER,

SMART,

PEARSE,

Mr. JOHNSON,

Mr. FOX.

Mr. WATKINS.

In the COMEDY.

Sir WILLIAM WEALTHY, Mr. BADDELEY.

Mr. RICHARD WEALTHY, Mr. BURTON.

Sir GEORGE WEALTHY, Mr. HOLLAND.

SHIFT,

Mr. FOOTE.

LOADER,

Mr. BRANSBY.

DICK,

Mr. VAUGHAN.

TRANSFER,

Mr. BLAKES.

SMIRK,

Mr. FOOTE.

The BARON, assum'd,

Mr. BADDELEY.

Mrs. COLE,

Mr. FOOTE.

LUCY,

Miss PRITCHARD.

TO HIS GRACE

WILLIAM Duke of DEVONSHIRE,

Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household.

MY LORD,

THE MINOR, who is indebted for his appearance on the stage to your Grace's indulgence, begs leave to desire your further protection, at his entering into the world.

Though the allegiance due from the whole dramatic people to your Grace's station, might place this address in the light of a natural tribute; yet, my Lord, I should not have taken that liberty with the Duke of Devonshire, if I could not at the same time, plead some little utility in the design of my piece; and add, that the public approbation has stamped a value on the execution.

The law, which threw the stage under the absolute government of a lord chamberlain, could not fail to fill the minds of all the objects of that power with very gloomy apprehensions; they found themselves (through their own licentiousness, it must be confess'd) in a more precarious dependent state, than any other of his Majesty's subjects. But when their direction was lodged in the hands of a nobleman, whose ancestors had so successfully struggled for national liberty, they ceased to fear for their own. It was not from a patron of the liberal arts they were to expect an oppressor; it was not from the friend of freedom, and of man, they were to dread partial monopolies, or the establishment of petty tyrannies.

Their

Their warmest wishes are accomplished ; none of their rights have been invaded, except what, without the first poetic authority, I should not venture to call a right, the Jus Nocendi.

Your tenderness, my Lord, for all the followers of the Muses, has been in no instance more conspicuous, than in your late favour to me, the meanest of their train ; your Grace has thrown open (for those who are denied admittance into the palaces of Parnassus) a cottage on its borders, where the unhappy migrants may be, if not magnificently, at least, hospitably entertained.

I shall detain your Grace no longer, than just to echo the public voice, that, for the honour, progress, and perfection of letters, your Grace may long continue their candid Censor, who have always been their generous protector.

I have the honour, my Lord, to be, with the greatest respect, and gratitude,

Your Grace's most dutiful,

most oblig'd,

and obedient servant,

Ellestre,
July 8, 1760.

SAMUEL FOOTE.

THE
M I N O R.

INTRODUCTION.

Enter Canker and Smart.

Smart.

BUT are you sure he has leave?

Cank. Certain.

Smart. I'm damn'd glad on't. For now we shall have a laugh either with him, or at him, it does not signify which.

Cank. Not a farthing.

Smart. D'you know his scheme?

Cank. Not I. But is not the door of the Little Theatre open?

Smart.

8 T H E M I N O R.

Smart. Yes. Who is that fellow that seems to stand centry there?

Cank. By his tatter'd garb and meagre visage, he must be one of the troop.

Smart. I'll call him. Holo, Mr.—

Enter Pearse.

What, is there any thing going on over the way?

Pear. A rehearsal.

Smart. Of what?

Pear. A new piece.

Smart. Foote's?

Pear. Yes.

Cank. Is he there?

Pear. He is.

Smart. Zouns, let's go and see what he is about.

Cank. With all my heart.

Smart. Come along then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Foote and an Actor.

Foote. Sir, this will never do; you must get rid of your high notes, and country cant. Oh, 'tis the true strolling.—

Enter Smart and Canker.

Smart. Ha, ha, ha! what, hard at it, my boy!—Here's your old friend Canker and

T H E M I N O R. 9

I come for a peep. Well, and hey, what is your plan?

Foote. Plan?

Smart. Ay, what are your characters? Give us your groupe; how is your cloth fill'd?

Foote. Characters!

Smart. Ay.—Come, come, communicate. What, man, we will lend thee a lift. I have a damn'd fine original for thee, an aunt of my own, just come from the North, with the true Newcastle bur in her throat; and a nose and a chin.—I am afraid she is not well enough known: But I have a remedy for that. I'll bring her the first night of your piece, place her in a conspicuous station, and whisper the secret to the whole house. That will be damn'd fine, won't it?

Foote. Oh, delicious!

Smart. But don't name me. For if she smokes me for the author, I shall be dash'd out of her codicil in a hurry.

Foote. Oh, never fear me. But I shou'd think your uncle Tom a better character.

Smart. What, the politician?

Foote. Aye; that every day, after dinner, as soon as the cloth is remov'd, fights the Battle of Minden, batters the French with cherry-stones, and pursues 'em to the banks of the Rhine in a stream of spilt port.

Smart. Oh, damn it, he'll do.

Foote.

Foot. Or what say you to your father-in-law, Sir Timothy? who, tho' as broken-winded as a Hounslow post-horse, is eternally chaunting Venetian ballads. Kata tore cara higlia.

Smart. Admirable! by heavens!—Have you got 'em?

Foot. No.

Smart. Then in with 'em, my boy.

Foot. Not one.

Smart. Pr'ythee why not?

Foot. Why look'e, Smart, tho' you are, in the language of the world, my friend, yet there is one thing you, I am sure, love better than any body.

Smart. What's that?

Foot. Mischief.

Smart. No, pr'ythee—

Foot. How now am I sure that you, who so readily give up your relations, may not have some design upon me?

Smart. I don't understand you.

Foot. Why, as soon as my characters begin to circulate a little successfully, my mouth is stopp'd in a minute, by the clamour of your relations,—Oh, damme,—'tis a shame,—it should not be,—people of distinction brought upon the stage.—And so out of compliment to your cousins, I am to be beggar'd for treating the public with the follies of your family, at your own request.

Smart.

T H E M I N O R. 11

Smart. How can you think I wou'd be such a dog? What the devil, then, are we to have nothing personal? Give us the actors however.

Foot. Oh, that's stale. Besides, I think they have, of all men, the best right to complain.

Smart. How so?

Foot. Because, by rendering them ridiculous in their profession, you, at the same time, injure their pockets. Now, as to the other gentry, they have providentially something besides their understanding to rely on; and the only injury they can receive is, that the whole town is then diverted with what before, was only the amusement of private parties.

Canker. Give us then a national portrait: a Scotchman or an Irishman.

Foot. If you mean merely the dialect of the two countries, I can't think it either a subject of satire or humour; it is an accidental unhappiness, for which a man is no more accountable, than the colour of his hair. Now affectation I take to be the true comic object. If, indeed, a North Briton, struck with a scheme of reformation, should advance from the banks of the Tweed, to teach the English the true pronunciation of their own language, he would, I think, merit your laughter: nor would a Dublin mechanic, who, from heading the Liberty-boys

boys in a skirmish on Ormond Quay, should think he had a right to prescribe military laws to the first commander in Europe, be a less ridiculous object.

Smart. Are there such?

Footie. If you mean that the blunders of a few peasants, or the partial principles of a single scoundrel, are to stand as characteristic marks of a whole country; your pride may produce a laugh, but, believe me, it is at the expence of your understanding.

Canker. Heydey, what a system is here! Laws for laughing! And pray, sage Sir, instruct us when we may laugh with propriety?

Footie. At an old beau, a superannuated beauty, a military coward, a stuttering orator, or a gouty dancer. In short, whoever affects to be what he is not, or strives to be what he cannot, is an object worthy the poet's pen, and your mirth.

Smart. Psha, I don't know what you mean by your is nots, and cannots—damn'd abstruse jargon. Ha, Canker!

Cank. Well, but if you will not give us persons, let us have things. Treat us with a modern amour, and a state intrigue, or a—

Footie. And so amuse the public ear at the expence of private peace. You must excuse me.

Cank. And with these principles, you expect to thrive on this spot?

Smart.

Smart. No, no, it won't do. I tell thee the plain roast and boil'd of the theatres will never do at this table. We must have high season'd ragoûts, and rich sauces.

Foote. Why, perhaps, by way of desert, I may produce something that may hit your palate.

Smart. Your bill of fare?

Foote. What think you of one of those itinerant field Orators, who, tho' at declar'd enmity with common sense, have the address to poison the principles, and at the same time pick the pockets, of half our industrious fellow-subjects?

Cank. Have a care. Dangerous ground. Ludere cum sacris, you know.

Foote. Now I look upon it in a different manner. I consider these gentlemen in the light of public performers, like myself; and whether we exhibit at Tottenham-court, or the Hay-market, our purpose is the same, and the place is immaterial.

Cank. Why, indeed if it be considered—

Foote. Nay, more, I must beg leave to assert, that ridicule is the only antidote against this pernicious poison. This is a madness that argument can never cure: and should a little wholesome severity be applied, persecution would be the immediate cry: where then can we have recourse, but to the comic muse? Perhaps, the archness and severity of
her

her smile may redress an evil, that the laws cannot reach, or reason reclaim.

Cank. Why, if it does not cure those already distemper'd, it may be a means to stop the infection.

Smart. But how is your scheme conducted?

Foote. Of that you may judge. We are just going upon a repetition of the piece. I should be glad to have your opinion.

Smart. We will give it you.

Foote. One indulgence: As you are Englishmen, I think, I need not beg, that as from necessity most of my performers are new, you will allow for their inexperience, and encourage their timidity.

Smart. But reasonable.

Foote. Come, then, prompter, begin.

Pear. Lord, Sir, we are all at a stand.

Foote. What's the matter?

Pear. Mrs. O-Schohnesfy has return'd the part of the bawd; she says she is a gentlewoman, and it would be a reflection on her family to do any such thing.

Foote. Indeed!

Pear. If it had been only a whore, says she, I should not have minded it; because no lady need be ashamed of doing that.

Foote. Well, there is no help for it; but these gentlemen must not be disappointed. Well, I'll do the character myself.

A C T

A C T I.

Sir William Wealthy, and Mr. Richard Wealthy.

Sir William.

COME, come, brother, I know the world. People who have their attention eternally fixed upon one object, can't help being a little narrow in their notions.

R. Weal. A sagacious remark that, and highly probable, that we merchants, who maintain a constant correspondence with the four quarters of the world, should know less of it than your fashionable fellows, whose whole experience is bounded by Westminster bridge.

Sir Will. Nay, brother, as a proof that I am not blind to the benefit of travelling, George, you know, has been in Germany these four years.

R. Weal. Where he is well grounded in gaming and gluttony; France has furnished him with fawning and flattery; Italy equip'd him with capriols and cantatas: and thus accomplish'd,

complish'd, my young gentleman is return'd with a cargo of whores, cooks, valets de chambre, and fiddlesticks, a most valuable member of the British commonwealth.

Sir Will. You dislike then my system of education?

R. Weal. Most sincerely.

Sir Will. The whole?

R. Weal. Every particular.

Sir Will. The early part, I should imagine, might merit your approbation.

R. Weal. Least of all. What, I suppose, because he has run the gauntlet thro' a public school, where, at sixteen, he had practis'd more vices than he would otherwise have heard of at sixty.

Sir Will. Ha, ha, prejudice!

R. Weal. Then, indeed, you remov'd him to the university; where, lest his morals should be mended, and his understanding improv'd, you fairly set him free from the restraint of the one, and the drudgery of the other, by the privileg'd distinction of a silk gown and a velvet cap.

Sir Will. And all these evils, you think, a city education would have prevented?

R. Wealth. Doubtless.—Proverbs, proverbs, brother William, convey wholesome instruction. Idleness is the root of all evil. Regular hours, constant employment, and good example, can't fail to form the mind.

Sir

Sir *Will.* Why truly, brother, had you stuck to your old civic vices, hypocrisy, couzenage, and avarice, I don't know, whether I might not have committed George to your care; but you cockneys now beat us sub-urbians at our own weapons. What, old boy, times are chang'd since the date of thy indentures; when the sleek, crop-eared prentice us'd to dangle after his mistress, with the great bible under his arm, to St. Bride's, on a Sunday; bring home the text, repeat the divisions of the discourse, dine at twelve, and regale, upon a gaudy day, with buns and beer at Islington, or Mile-End.

R. Weal. Wonderfully facetious!

Sir *Will.* Our modern lads are of a different metal. They have their gaming clubs in the Garden, their little lodgings, the snug depositories of their rusty swords, and occasional bag-wigs; their horses for the turf; ay, and their commissions of bankruptcy too, before they are well out of their time.

R. Weal. Infamous aspersions!

Sir *Will.* But the last meeting at New-market, lord Lofty receiv'd at the hazard-table, the identical note from the individual taylor to whom he had paid it but the day before, for a new set of liveries.

R. Weal. Invention!

Sir *Will.* These are anecdotes you will never meet with in your weekly travels from

Cateaton-street to your boarded box in Clapham, brother.

R. Wealth. And yet that boarded box, as your prodigal spendthrift proceeds, will soon be the only seat of the family.

Sir Will. May be not. Who knows what a reformation our project may produce!

R. Wealth. I do. None at all.

Sir Will. Why so?

R. Wealth. Because your means are ill-proportion'd to their end. Were he my son, I would serve him——

Sir Will. As you have done your daughter. Discard him. But consider, I have but one.

R. Wealth. That would weigh nothing with me: for, was Charlotte to set up a will of her own, and reject the man of my choice, she must expect to share the fate of her sister. I consider families as a smaller kind of kingdoms, and would have disobedience in the one, as severely punished, as rebellion in the other. Both cut off from their respective societies.

Sir Will. Poor Lucy! But surely you begin to relent. Mayn't I intercede?

R. Weal. Look'e, brother, you know my mind. I will be absolute. If I meddle with the management of your son, it is at your own request; but if directly or indirectly, you interfere with my banishment of that wilful, headstrong, disobedient huffy,
all

THE MINOR. 19

all ties between us are broke ; and I shall no more remember you as a brother, than I do her as a child.

Sir *Will.* I have done. But to return. You think there is a probability in my plan ?

R. *Weal.* I shall attend the issue.

Sir *Will.* You will lend your aid, however ?

R. *Weal.* We shall see how you go on.

Enter Servant.

Serv. A letter, fir.

Sir *Will.* Oh, from Capias, my attorney. Who brought it ?

Serv. The person is without, fir.

Sir *Will.* Bid him wait. [*Reads.*] [*Exit Serv.*]

Worthy Sir,

The bearer is the person I promis'd to procure. I thought it was proper for you to examine him viva voce. So if you administer a few interrogatories, you will find, by cross-questioning him, whether he is a competent person to prosecute the cause you wot of. I wish you a speedy issue : and as there can be no default in your judgment, am of opinion it should be carried into immediate execution. I am,

Worthy Sir, &c.

TIMOTHY CAPIAS.

P. S. *The party's Name is Samuel Shift. He is an admirable mime, or mimic, and most delectable company: as we experience every Tuesday night at our club, the Magpye and Horse-shoe, Fetter-lane.*

Very methodical indeed, Mr. Capias! John.

Enter Servant.

Bid the person, who brought this Letter, walk in. [*Exit Serv.*] Have you any curiosity, brother?

R. *Weal.* Not a jot. I must to the Change. In the evening you may find me in the counting-house, or at Jonathan's.

[*Exit R. Wealthy.*]

Sir *Will.* You shall hear from me.

Enter Shift and Servant.

Shut the door, John, and remember, I am not at home. [*Exit Serv.*] You came from Mr. Capias?

Shift. I did, fir.

Sir *Will.* Your name, I think, is Shift?

Shift. It is, fir.

Sir *Will.* Did Mr. Capias drop any hint of my bus'ness with you?

Shift. None. He only said, with his spectacles on his nose, and his hand upon his chin, Sir William Wealthy is a respectable personage, and my client; he wants to retain

tain you in a certain affair, and will open the case, and give you your brief himself: if you adhere to his instructions, and carry your cause, he is generous, and will discharge your bill without taxation.

Sir Will. Ha, ha! my friend Capias to a hair! Well, fir, this is no bad specimen of your abilities. But see that the door is fast. Now, fir, you are to——

Shift. A moment's pause, if you please. You must know, Sir William, I am a prodigious admirer of forms. Now Mr. Capias tells me, that it is always the rule, to administer a retaining fee before you enter upon the merits.

Sir Will. Oh, Sir, I beg your pardon!

Shift. Not that I question'd your generosity; but forms you know——

Sir Will. No apology, I beg. But as we are to have a closer connection, it may not be amiss, by way of introduction, to understand one another a little. Pray, fir, where was you born?

Shift. At my father's.

Sir Will. Hum!——And what was he?

Shift. A gentleman.

Sir Will. What was you bred?

Shift. A gentleman.

Sir Will. How do you live?

Shift. Like a gentleman.

Sir Will. Cou'd nothing induce you to unbosom yourself?

Shift. Look'e, Sir William, there is a kind of something in your countenance, a certain openness and generosity, a *je ne sçai quoi* in your manner, that I will unlock: You shall see me all.

Sir *Will.* You will oblige me.

Shift. You must know then, that Fortune, which frequently delights to raise the noblest structures from the simplest foundations; who from a taylor made a pope, from a gin-shop an empress, and many a prime minister from nothing at all, has thought fit to raise me to my present height, from the humble employment of Light your Honour——A link boy.

Sir *Will.* A pleasant fellow.——Who were your parents?

Shift. I was produced, fir, by a left-handed marriage, in the language of the news-papers, between an illustrious lamp-lighter and an eminent itinerant cat and dog butcher.—Cat's meat, and dog's meat,——I dare say, you have heard my mother, fir. But as to this happy pair I owe little besides my being, I shall drop them where they dropt me——in the street.

Sir *Will.* Proceed.

Shift. My first knowledge of the world I owe to a school, which has produced many a great man; the avenues of the Play-house. There, fir, leaning on my extinguish'd link, I learn'd dexterity from pick-pockets, connivance

nivance from constables, politics and fashions from footmen, and the art of making and breaking a promise, from their masters. Here, firrah, light me a-cross the kennel.——I hope your honour will remember poor Jack.——You ragged rascal, I have no half-pence——I'll pay you the next time I see you.——But, lack-a-day, fir, that time I saw as seldom as his tradesmen.

Sir Will. Very well.

Shift. To these accomplishments from without the Theatre, I must add one that I obtain'd within.

Sir Will. How did you gain admittance there?

Shift. My merit, fir, that, like my link, threw a radiance round me.——A detachment from the head-quarters here, took possession, in the summer, of a country corporation, where I did the honours of the barn, by sweeping the stage, and clipping the candles. There my skill and address was so conspicuous, that it procur'd me the same office the ensuing winter, at Drury-Lane, where I acquir'd intrepidity; the crown of all my virtues.

Sir Will. How did you obtain that?

Shift. By my post. For I think, fir, he that dares stand the shot of the gallery in lighting, snuffing, and sweeping, the first night of a new play, may bid defiance to the pillory, with all its customary compliments.

Sir Will. Some truth in that.

Shift. But an unlucky crab-apple, apply'd to my right eye, by a patriot gingerbread-baker from the Borough, who would not suffer three dancers from Switzerland, because he hated the French, forced me to a precipitate retreat.

Sir Will. Poor devil!

Shift. Broglie and Contades have done the same. But as it happen'd, like a tennis-ball, I rose higher from the rebound.

Sir Will. How so?

Shift. My misfortune, sir, mov'd the compassion of one of our performers, a whimsical man, he took me into his service. To him I owe, what I believe, will make me useful to you.

Sir Will. Explain.

Shift. Why, sir, my master was remarkably happy in an art, which, however disesteem'd at present, is, by Tully, reckon'd amongst the perfections of an orator; Mimickry.

Sir Will. Why, you are deeply read, Mr. Shift!

Shift. A smattering—But as I was saying, sir, nothing came amiss to my master. Biped, or quadruped; rational, or animal; from the clamour of the bar, to the cackle of the barn-door; from the soporific twang of the tabernacle of Tottenham-Court, to the melodious bray of their long-ear'd brethren

thren in Bunhill-Fields; all were objects of his imitation, and my attention. In a word, sir, for two whole years, under this professor, I study'd and starv'd, impoverish'd my body, and pamper'd my mind; till thinking myself pretty near equal to my master, I made him one of his own bows, and set up for myself.

Sir *Will*. You have been successful, I hope.

Shift. Pretty well. I can't complain. My art, sir, is a *pass-par-tout*. I seldom want employment. Let's see how stand my engagements. [*Pulls out a pocket-book.*] Hum, —hum, —Oh! Wednesday at Mrs. Gammut's near Hanover-square; there, there, I shall make a meal upon the Mingotti; for her ladyship is in the opera interest: but, however, I shall revenge her cause upon her rival Mattei. Sunday evening at Lady Sustituto's concert. Thursday I dine upon the actors, with ten Templars, at the Mitre in Fleet-street. Friday I am to give the amorous parly of two intriguing cats in a gutter, with the disturbing of a hen-roost, at Mr. Deputy Sugarfops, near the Monument. So sir, you see my hands are full. In short, Sir William, there is not a buck or a turtle devoured within the bills of mortality, but there I may, if I please, stick a napkin under my chin.

Sir

Sir Will. I'm afraid, Mr. Shift, I must break in a little upon your engagements; but you shall be no loser by the bargain.

Shift. Command me.

Sir Will. You can be secret as well as serviceable?

Shift. Mute as a mackrel.

Sir Will. Come hither then. If you betray me to my son——

Shift. Scalp me.

Sir Will. Enough.—You must know then, the hopes of our family are, Mr. Shift, center'd in one boy.

Shift. And, I warrant, he is a hopeful one.

Sir Will. No interruption, I beg. George has been abroad these four years, and from his late behaviour, I have reason to believe, that had a certain event happened, which I am afraid he wished,—my death——

Shift. Yes; that's natural enough.

Sir Will. Nay, pray,—there wou'd soon be an end to an ancient and honourable family.

Shift. Very melancholy indeed. But families, like besoms, will wear to the stumps, and finally fret out, as you say.

Sir Will. Pr'ythee peace for five minutes,

Shift. I am tongue-ty'd.

Sir Will. Now I have projected a scheme to prevent this calamity.

Shift. Ay, I should be glad to hear that.

Sir Will. I am going to tell it you.

Shift. Proceed.

Sir

Sir Will. George, as I have contriv'd it, shall experience all the misery of real ruin, without running the least risque.

Shift. Ay, that will be a coup de maître.

Sir Will. I have prevail'd upon his uncle, a wealthy citizen——

Shift. I don't like a city plot.

Sir Will. I tell thee it is my own.

Shift. I beg pardon.

Sir Will. My brother, I say, some time since wrote him a circumstantial account of my death; upon which, he is returned, in full expectation of succeeding to my estate.

Shift. Immediately.

Sir Will. No; when at age. In about three months.

Shift. I understand you.

Sir Will. Now, fir, gueſſing into what hands my heedleſs boy would naturally fall, on his return, I have, in a feign'd character, aſſociated myſelf with a ſet of rascals, who will ſpread every bait that can flatter folly, inflame extravagance, allure inexperience, or catch credulity. And when, by their means, he thinks himſelf reduc'd to the laſt extremity; loſt even to the moſt diſtant hope——

Shift. What then?

Sir Will. Then will I ſtep in like his guardian-angel, and ſnatch him from perdition. If, mortify'd by miſery, he becomes conſcious of his errors, I have ſav'd my ſon;
but

but if, on the other hand, gratitude can't bind, nor ruin reclaim him, I will cast him out, as an alien to my blood, and trust for the support of my name and family to a remoter branch.

Shift. Bravely resolv'd. But what part am I to sustain in this drama?

Sir Will. Why, George, you are to know, is already stript of what money he could command, by two sharpers: but as I never trust them out of my sight they can't deceive me.

Shift. Out of your sight!

Sir Will. Why, I tell thee, I am one of the knot: an adept in their science, can slip, shuffle, cog, or cut with the best of 'em.

Shift. How do you escape your son's notice?

Sir Will. His firm persuasion of my death, with the extravagance of my disguise.—Why, I wou'd engage to elude your penetration, when I am beau'd out for the baron. But of that by and by. He has recourse, after his ill success, to the cent. per cent. gentry, the usurers, for a farther supply.

Shift. Natural enough.

Sir Will. Pray do you know,—I forgot his name,—a wrinkled old fellow, in a thread-bare coat? He sits every morning, from twelve till two, in the left corner of Lloyd's coffee-house; and every evening, from
five

five till eight, under the clock, at the Temple-exchange.

Shift. What, little Transfer the broker!

Sir Will. The same. Do you know him?

Shift. Know him! Ay, rot him. It was but last Easter Tuesday, he had me turn'd out at a feast, in Leather-seller's Hall, for singing Room for Cuckolds, like a parrot; and vow'd it meant a reflection upon the whole body corporate.

Sir Will. You have reason to remember him.

Shift. Yes, yes, I recommended a minor to him myself, for the loan only of fifty pounds; and wou'd you believe it, as I hope to be sav'd, we din'd, supp'd, and wetted five and thirty guineas upon tick, in meetings at the Cross-keys, in order to settle the terms; and after all, the scoundrel would not lend us a stiver.

Sir Will. Cou'd you personate him?

Shift. Him! Oh, you shall see me shift into his shamble in a minute: and, with a wither'd face, a bit of a purple nose, a cautionary stammer, and a sleek silver head, I would undertake to deceive even his banker. But to speak the truth, I have a friend that can do this inimitably well. Have not you something of more consequence for me?

Sir Will. I have. Cou'd not you, master Shift, assume another shape? You have attended auctions?

Shift.

Shift. Auctions! a constant puff. Deep in the mystery; a professed connoisseur, from a Niger to a nautilus, from the Apollo Belvidere to a butterfly.

Sir Will. One of these insinuating, oily orators I will get you to personate: for we must have the plate and jewels in our possession, or they will soon fall into other hands.

Shift. I will do it.

Sir Will. Within I'll give you farther instructions.

Shift. I'll follow you.

Sir Will. [*Going, returns.*] You will want materials.

Shift. Oh, my dress I can be furnish'd with in five minutes. [*Exit Sir Will.*] A whimsical old blade this. I shall laugh if this scheme miscarries. I have a strange mind to lend it a lift—never had a greater—Pho, a damn'd unnatural connection this of mine!—What have I to do with fathers and guardians! a parcel of preaching, prudent, careful, curmudgeonly—dead to pleasures themselves, and the blasters of it in others—Mere dogs in a manger—No, no, I'll veer, tack about, open my budget to the boy, and join in a counter-plot. But hold, hold, friend Stephen, see first how the land lies. Who knows whether this Germaniz'd genius has parts to comprehend, or spirit to reward thy merit. There's danger in that,
ay,

T H E M I N O R. 31

ay, marry is there. 'Egad before I shift the helm, I'll first examine the coast; and then if there be but a bold shore and a good bottom, have a care, old Square Toes, you will meet with your match. [Exit.

Enter Sir George, Loader, and Servant.

Sir Geo. Let the Martin pannels for the vis-a-vis be carried to Long-Acre, and the pye-balls sent to Hall's to be bitted——You will give me leave to be in your debt till the evening, Mr. Loader. I have just enough left to discharge the baron; and we must, you know, be punctual with him, for the credit of the country.

Load. Fire him, a snub-nos'd son of a bitch. Levant me, but he got enough last night to purchase a principality amongst his countrymen, the High-dutchians and Hussarians.

Sir Geo. You had your share, Mr. Loader.

Load. Who, I! Lurch me at four, but I was mark'd to the top of your trick, by the baron, my dear. What, I am no cinque and quarter man. Come, shall we have a dip in the history of the Four Kings this morning?

Sir Geo. Rather too early. Besides, it is the rule abroad, never to engage a-fresh, till our old scores are discharg'd.

Load.

Load. Capot me, but those lads abroad are pretty fellows, let'em say what they will. Here, sir, they will vowel you, from father to son, to the twentieth generation. They wou'd as soon now-a-days pay a tradesman's bill, as a play debt. All sense of honour is gone, not a stiver stirring. They cou'd as soon raise the dead as two pounds two; nick me, but I have a great mind to tie up, and ruin the rascals—What, has Tranfer been here this morning?

Enter Dick.



Sir Geo. Any body here this morning, Dick?

Dick. No body, your honour.

Load. Repique the rascal. He promis'd to be here before me.

Dick. I beg your honour's pardon. Mrs. Cole from the Piazza was here, between seven and eight.

Sir Geo. An early hour for a lady of her calling.

Dick. Mercy on me! The poor gentlewoman is mortally altered since we us'd to lodge there, in our jaunts from Oxford; wrapt up in flannels; all over the rheumatise.

Load. Ay, ay, old Moll is at her last stake.

Dick.

Dick. She bade me say, she just stopt in her way to the tabernacle; after the exhortation, she says, she'll call again.

Sir Geo. Exhortation! Oh, I recollect. Well, whilst they only make profelytes from that profession, they are heartily welcome to them. She does not mean to make me a convert?

Dick. I believe she has some such design upon me; for she offer'd me a book of hymns, a shilling, and a dram, to go along with her.

Sir Geo. No bad scheme, Dick. Thou hast a fine, sober, psalm-singing countenance; and when thou hast been some time in their trammels, may'st make as able a teacher as the best of 'em.

Dick. Laud, sir, I want learning.

Sir Geo. Oh, the spirit, the spirit will supply all that, Dick, never fear.

Enter Sir William, as a German baron.

My dear baron, what news from the Haymarket? What says the Florenza? Does she yield? Shall I be happy? Say yes, and command my fortune.

Sir Will. I was never did see so fine a woman since I was leave Hamburgh; dere was all de colour, all red and white, dat was quite natural; point d'artifice. Then she was dance and sing—I vow to heaven, I was never see de like!

D

Sir

Sir *Geo.* But how did she receive my embassy? What hopes?

Sir *Will.* Why dere was, monsieur le chevalier, when I first enter, dree or four damn'd queer people; ah, ah, dought I, by gad I gues your business. Dere was one fat big woman's, dat I know long time: le valet de chambre was tell me dat she came from a grand merchand; ha, ha, dought I, by your leave, stick to your shop; or, if you must have de pretty girl, dere is de play-hous, dat do very well for you; but for de opera, pardonnez, by gar dat is meat for your master.

Sir *Geo.* Insolent mechanic!—but she despis'd him?

Sir *Will.* Ah, may foy, he is damn'd rich, has beaucoup de guineas; but after de fat woman was go, I was tell the signora, madam, der is one certain chevalier of dis country, who has travell'd, see de world, bien fait, well made, beaucoup d'Esprit, a great deal of monies, who beg, by gar, to have de honour to drow himself at your feet.

Sir *Geo.* Well, well, baron.

Sir *Will.* She aska your name; as soon as I tell her, aha, by gar, dans an instant, she melt like de lomp of sugar: she run to her bureau, and, in de minute, return wid de paper.

Sir *Geo.* Give it me.

[*Reads.*

Les

Les preliminaires d'une traité entre le chevalier Wealthy, and la signora Diamenti.

A bagatelle, a trifle : she shall have it.

Load. Hark'e, knight, what is all that there outlandish stuff?

Sir Geo. Read, read ! The eloquence of angels, my dear baron !

Load. Slam me, but the man's mad ! I don't understand their Gibberish——What is it in English ?

Sir Geo. The preliminaries of a subsidy treaty, between Sir G. Wealthy, and signora Florenza ; that the said signora will resign the possession of her person to the said Sir George, on the payment of three hundred guineas monthly, for equipage, table, domestics, dress, dogs, and diamonds ; her debts to be duly discharged, and a note advanced of five hundred by way of entrance.

Load. Zounds, what a cormorant ! She must be devilish handsome.

Sir Geo. I am told so.

Load. Told so ! Why did you never see her ?

Sir Geo. No ; and possibly never may, but from my box at the opera.

Load. Hey-day ! Why what the devil——

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, you stare, I don't wonder at it. This is an elegant refinement, unknown to the gross voluptuaries of this

part of the world. This is, Mr. Loader, what may be called a debt to your dignity: for an opera girl is as essential a piece of equipage for a man of fashion, as his coach.

Load. The devil!

Sir Geo. 'Tis for the vulgar only to enjoy what they possess: the distinction of ranks and conditions are, to have hounds, and never hunt; cooks, and dine at taverns; houses, you never inhabit; mistresses, you never enjoy——

Load. And debts, you never pay. Egad, I am not surpriz'd at it; if this be your trade, no wonder that you want money for necessaries, when you give such a damn'd deal for nothing at all.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mrs. Cole, to wait upon your honour.

Sir Geo. My dear baron, run, dispatch my affair, conclude my treaty, and thank her for the very reasonable conditions.

Sir Will. I fall.

Sir Geo. Mr. Loader, shall I trouble you to introduce the lady? She is, I think, your acquaintance.

Load. Who, old Moll? Ay, ay, she's your market-woman. I wou'd not give six-pence for your signoras. One armful of good, wholesome British beauty, is worth a ship-load

T H E M I N O R. 37

load of their trapping, tawdry trollops. But hark'e, baron, how much for the table? Why she must have a devilish large family, or a monstrous stomach.

Sir *Will.* Ay, ay, dere, is her moder, la complaisante to walk in de Park, and to go to de play; two broders, deux valets, dree Spanish lap-dogs, and de monkey.

Load. Strip me, if I wou'd set five shillings against the whole gang. May my partner renounce with the game in his hand, if I were you, knight, if I would not——

[*Ex. Bar.*

Sir *Geo.* But the lady waits. [*Ex. Load.*] A strange fellow this. What a whimsical jargon he talks. Not an idea abstracted from play. To say truth, I am sincerely sick of my acquaintance: But, however, I have the first people in the kingdom to keep me in countenance. Death and the dice level all distinctions.

Enter Mrs. Cole, supported by Loader and Dick.

Mrs. *Cole.* Gently, gently, good Mr. Loader.

Load. Come along, old Moll. Why, you jade, you look as rosy this morning, I must have a smack at your muns. Here, taste her, she is as good as old hock to get you a stomach.

Mrs.

Mrs. Cole, Fye, Mr. Loader, I thought you had forgot me.

Load. I forget you! I would as soon forget what is trumps.

Mrs. Cole. Softly, softly, young man. There, there, mighty well. And how does your honour do? I han't seen your honour, I can't tell the—Oh! mercy on me, there's a twinge——

Sir Geo. What is the matter, Mrs. Cole?

Mrs. Cole. My old disorder, the rheumatise; I han't been able to get a wink of—— Oh la! what, you have been in town these two days?

Sir Geo. Since Wednesday.

Mrs. Cole. And never once call'd upon old Cole. No, no, I am worn out, thrown by and forgotten, like a tatter'd garment, as Mr. Squintum says. Oh, he is a dear man! But for him I had been a lost sheep; never known the comforts of the new birth; no, ——There's your old friend, Kitty Carrot, at home still. What, shall we see you this evening? I have kept the green room for you ever since I heard you were in town.

Load. What, shall we take a snap at old Moll's. Hey, beldam, have you a good batch of Burgundy abroach?

Mrs. Cole. Bright as a ruby; and for flavour! You know the colonel——He and Jenny Cummins drank three flasks, hand to fist, last night.

Load.

Load. What, and bilk thee of thy share?

Mrs. Cole. Ah, don't mention it, Mr. Loader. No, that's all over with me. The time has been, when I could have earn'd thirty shillings a day by my own drinking, and the next morning was neither sick nor sorry: But now, O laud, a thimbleful turns me topsy-turvey.

Load. Poor old girl!

Mrs. Cole. Ay, I have done with these idle vanities; my thoughts are fix'd upon a better place. What, I suppose, Mr. Loader, you will be for your old friend the black-ey'd girl, from Rosemary-Lane. Ha, ha! Well, 'tis a merry little tit. A thousand pities she's such a reprobate!—But she'll mend; her time is not come: all shall have their call, as Mr. Squintum says, sooner or later; regeneration is not the work of a day. No, no, no,—Oh!

Sir Geo. Not worse, I hope.

Mrs. Cole. Rack, rack, gnaw, gnaw, never easy, abed or up, all's one. Pray, honest friend, have you any clary, or mint-water in the house?

Dick. A case of French drams.

Mrs. Cole. Heaven defend me! I would not touch a dram for the world.

Sir Geo. They are but cordials, Mrs. Cole. Fetch 'em, you blockhead. [*Ex. Dick.*]

Mrs. Cole. Ay, I am a going; a wasting and a wasting, Sir George. What will

become of the house when I am gone, heaven knows.—No.—When people are miss'd, then they are mourned. Sixteen years have I liv'd in the Garden, comfortably and creditably; and, tho' I say it, could have got bail any hour of the day: Reputable tradesmen, Sir George, neighbours, Mr. Loader knows; no knock me down doings in my house. A set of regular, sedate, sober customers. No rioters. Sixteen did I say—Ay, eighteen years I have paid scot and lot in the parish of St. Paul's, and during the whole time, no-body have said, Mrs. Cole, why do you so? Unless twice that I was before Sir Thomas De Val, and three times in the round-house.

Sir Geo. Nay, don't weep, Mrs. Cole.

Load. May I lose deal, with an honour at bottom, if old Moll does not bring tears into my eyes.

Mrs. Cole. However, it is a comfort after all, to think one has past thro' the world with credit and character. Ay, a good name, as Mr. Squintum says, is better than a galipot of ointment.

Enter Dick, with a dram.

Load. Come, haste, Dick, haste; sorrow is dry. Here, Moll, shall I fill thee a bumper?

Mrs.

Mrs. Cole. Hold; hold, Mr. Loader! Heaven help you, I could as soon swallow the Thames. Only a sip, to keep the gout out of my stomach.

Load. Why then, here's to thee.—Levant me, but it is supernaculum.—Speak when you have enough.

Mrs. Cole. I won't trouble you for the glass; my hands do so tremble and shake, I shall but spill the good creature.

Load. Well pull'd. But now to business. Pr'ythee, Moll, did not I see a tight young wench in a linen gown, knock at your door this morning?

Mrs. Cole. Ay; a young thing from the country.

Load. Could we not get a peep at her this evening?

Mrs. Cole. Impossible! She is engag'd to Sir Timothy Totter. I have taken earnest for her these three months.

Load. Pho, what signifies such a fellow as that! Tip him an old trader, and give her to the knight.

Mrs. Cole. Tip him an old trader!—Mercy on us, where do you expect to go when you die, Mr. Loader?

Load. Crop me, but this Squintum has turn'd her brains.

Sir Geo. Nay, Mr. Loader, I think the gentleman has wrought a most happy reformation.

Mrs.

Mrs. Cole. Oh, it was a wonderful work. There had I been tossing in a sea of sin, without rudder or compass. And had not the good gentleman piloted me into the harbour of grace, I must have struck against the rocks of reprobation, and have been quite swallow'd up in the whirlpool of despair. He was the precious instrument of my spiritual sprinkling.—But however, Sir George, if your mind be set upon a young country thing, to-morrow night I believe I can furnish you.

Load. As how?

Mrs. Cole. I have advertis'd this morning, in the register-office, for servants under seventeen; and ten to one but I light on something that will do.

Load. Pillory me, but it has a face.

Mrs. Cole. Truly, consistently with my conscience, I wou'd do any thing for your honour.

Sir Geo. Right, Mrs. Cole, never lose sight of that monitor. But pray, how long has this heavenly change been wrought in you?

Mrs. Cole. Ever since my last visitation of the gout. Upon my first fit, seven years ago, I began to have my doubts, and my waverings; but I was lost in a labyrinth, and no body to shew me the road. One time, I thought of dying a Roman, which is truly a comfortable communion enough for one of us: but it wou'd not do.

Sir

Sir Geo. Why not?

Mrs. Cole. I went one summer over to Boulogne to repent; and, wou'd you believe it, the barefooted, bald-pate beggars would not give me absolution, without I quitted my business——Did you ever hear of such a set of scabby——Besides, I cou'd not bear their barbarity. Would you believe it, Mr. Loader, they lock up for their lives, in a nunnery, the prettiest, sweetest, tender, young things!——Oh, fix of them, for a season, wou'd finish my business here, and then I shou'd have nothing to do, but to think of hereafter.

Load. Brand me, what a country!

Sir Geo. Oh, scandalous!

Mrs. Cole. O no, it would not do. So, in my last illness, I was wish'd to Mr. Squintum, who stept in with his saving grace, got me with the new birth, and I became, as you see, regenerate, and another creature.

Enter Dick.

Dick. Mr. Transfer, sir, has sent to know if your honour be at home.

Sir Geo. Mrs. Cole, I am mortify'd to part with you. But bus'ness, you know—

Mrs. Cole. True, sir George. Mr. Loader, your arm——Gently, oh, oh!

Sir Geo. Wou'd you take another thimbleful, Mrs. Cole?

Mrs.

Mrs. Cole. Not a drop—I shall see you this evening?

Sir Geo. Depend upon me.

Mrs. Cole. To morrow I hope to suit you —We are to have, at the tabernacle, an occasional hymn, with a thanksgiving sermon for my recovery. After which, I shall call at the register office, and see what goods my advertisement has brought in.

Sir Geo. Extremely obliged to you, Mrs. Cole.

Mrs. Cole. Or if that should not do, I have a tid bit at home, will suit your stomach. Never brush'd by a beard. Well, heaven bless you—Softly, have a care, Mr. Loader —Richard, you may as well give me the bottle into the chair, for fear I should be taken ill on the road. Gently—so, so!

[Exit Mrs. Cole and Loader.

Sir Geo. Dick, shew Mr. Transfer in— Ha, ha, what a hodgepodge! How the jade has jumbled together the carnal and the spiritual; with what ease she reconciles her new birth to her old calling!—No wonder these preachers have plenty of proselytes, whilst they have the address so comfortably to blend the hitherto jarring interests of the two worlds.

Enter Loader.

Well, knight, I have hous'd her; but they want you within, sir.

Sir Geo. I'll go to them immediately.

A C T

A C T II.

Enter Dick, introducing Transfer.

Dick. **M**Y master will come to you presently.

Enter Sir George.

Sir Geo. Mr. Transfer, your servant.

Transf. Your Honour's very humble. I thought to have found Mr. Loader here.

Sir Geo. He will return immediately. Well, Mr. Transfer—but take a chair—you have had a long walk. Mr. Loader, I presume, open'd to you the urgency of my bus'ness.

Transf. Ay, ay, the general cry, money, money? I don't know, for my part, where all the money is flown to. Formerly a note, with a tolerable endorsement, was as current as cash. If your uncle Richard now wou'd join in this security——

Sir Geo. Impossible.

Transf. Ay, like enough. I wish you were of age.

Sir

Sir Geo. So do I. But as that will be consider'd in the premium——

Transf. True, true——I see you understand bus'ness——And what sum does your honour lack at present?

Sir Geo. Lack!——How much have you brought?

Transf. Who, I? Dear me! none.

Sir Geo. Zounds, none!

Transf. Lack-a-day, none to be had, I think. All the morning have I been upon the hunt. There, Ephraim Barebones, the tallow chandler, in Thames-street, us'd to be a never-failing chap; not a guinea to be got there. Then I totter'd away to Nebuchadnezzar Zebulon, in the Old Jewry, but it happen'd to be Saturday; and they never touch on the Sabbath, you know.

Sir Geo. Why what the devil can I do?

Transf. Good me, I did not know your honour had been so prest'd.

Sir Geo. My Honour prest! Yes, my Honour is not only prest, but ruin'd, unless I can raise money to redeem it. That block-head Loader, to depend upon this old doating——

Transf. Well, well, now I declare, I am quite sorry to see your Honour in such a taking.

Sir Geo. Damn your sorrow.

Transf. But come, don't be cast down: Tho' money is not to be had, money's worth may, and that's the same thing.

Sir

Sir *Geo.* How, dear Transfer?

Transf. Why I have, at my warehouse in the city, ten casks of whale-blubber, a large cargo of Dantzick dowlafs, with a curious sortment of Birmingham hafts, and Whitney blankets for exportation.

Sir *Geo.* Hey!

Transf. And stay, stay, then, again, at my country-house, the bottom of Gray's-inn-Lane, there's a hundred tun of fine old hay, only damag'd a little last winter, for want of thatching; with forty load of flint stones.

Sir *Geo.* Well.

Transf. Your Honour may have all these for a reasonable profit, and convert them into cash.

Sir *Geo.* Blubber and blankets? Why, you old rascal, do you banter me?

Transf. Who I? O law, marry heaven forbid.

Sir *Geo.* Get out of my—you stuttering scoundrel.

Transf. If your Honour wou'd but hear me——

Sir *Geo.* Troop, I say, unless you have a mind to go a shorter way than you came. [*Ex. Tr.*] And yet there is something so uncommonly ridiculous in his proposal, that were my mind more at ease. [*Enter Loader.*] So, sir, you have recommended me to a fine fellow.

Load. What's the matter?

Sir

Sir Geo. He can't supply me with a shilling! and wants, besides, to make me a dealer in dowlafs.

Load. Ay, and a very good commodity too. People that are upon ways and means, must not be nice, knight. A pretty piece of work you have made here! Thrown up the cards, with the game in your hands.

Sir Geo. Why, pr'ythee, of what use wou'd his——

Load. Use! of every use. Procure you the spankers, my boy. I have a broker, that in a twinkling, shall take off your bargain.

Sir Geo. Indeed!

Load. Indeed! Ay, indeed. You sit down to hazard, and not know the chances! I'll call him back.—Holo, Transfer.—A pretty, little, busy, bustling—You may travel miles, before you will meet with his match. If there is one pound in the city, he will get it. He creeps, like a ferret, into their bags, and makes the yellow boys bolt again.

Enter Transfer.

Come hither, little Transfer; what, man, our Minor was a little too hasty; he did not understand trap: knows nothing of the game, my dear.

Transf. What I said, was to serve Sir George; as he seem'd——

Load. I told him so; well, well, we will take thy commodities, were they as many more.

THE MINOR. 49

But try, pr'ythee, if thou cou'dst not procure us some of the ready, for present spending.

Transf. Let me consider.

Load. Ay, do, come: shuffle thy brains; never fear the baronet. To let a lord of lands want shiners; 'tis a shame.

Transf. I do recollect, in this quarter of the town, an old friend, that us'd to do things in this way.

Load. Who?

Transf. Statute, the scrivener.

Load. Slam me, but he has nick'd the chance.

Transf. A hard man, master Loader!

Sir Geo. No matter.

Transf. His demands are exorbitant.

Sir Geo. That is no fault of ours.

Load. Well said, knight!

Transf. But to save time, I had better mention his terms.

Load. Unnecessary.

Transf. Five per cent. legal interest.

Sir Geo. He shall have it.

Transf. Ten, the præmium.

Sir Geo. No more words.

Transf. Then, as you are not of age, five more for ensuring your life.

Load. We will give it.

Transf. As for what he will demand for the risque——

Sir Geo. He shall be satisfy'd.

E

Transf.

50 THE MINOR.

Trans. You pay the attorney.

Sir Geo. Amply, amply; Loader, dispatch him.

Load. There, there, little Transfer; now every thing is settled. All terms shall be comply'd with, reasonable or unreasonable. What, our principal is a man of honour. [*Ex. Tr.*] Hey, my knight, this is doing business. This pinch is a sure card.

Re-enter Transfer.

Trans. I had forgot one thing. I am not the principal; you pay the brokerage.

Load. Ay, ay; and a handsome present into the bargain, never fear.

Trans. Enough, enough.

Load. Hark'e, Transfer, we'll take the Birmingham hafts and Whitney wares.

Trans. They shall be forthcoming.— You would not have the hay, with the flints?

Load. Every pebble of 'em. The magistrates of the Baronet's borough are infirm and gouty. He shall deal them as new pavement. [*Ex. Tr.*] So, that's settled. I believe, knight, I can lend you a helping hand as to the last article. I know some traders that will truck: fellows with finery. Not commodities of such clumsy conveyance as old Transfer's.

Sir Geo. You are obliging.

Load.

THE MINOR. 51

Load. I'll do it, boy; and get you, into the bargain, a bonny auctioneer, that shall dispose of 'em all in a crack. *[Exit.*

Enter Dick.

Dick. Your uncle, fir, has been waiting some time.

Sir Geo. He comes in a lucky hour. Shew him in. *[Ex. Dick.]* Now for a lecture. My situation sha'n't sink my spirits, however. Here comes the musty trader, running over with remonstrances. I must banter the cit.

Enter Richard Wealthy.

R. Weal. So, fir, what, I suppose, this is a spice of your foreign breeding, to let your uncle kick his heels in your hall, whilst your presence chamber is crouded with pimps, bawds, and gamesters.

Sir Geo. Oh, a proof of my respect, dear nuncle. Would it have been decent now, nuncle, to have introduced you into such company?

R. Weal. Wonderfully confiderate! Well; young man, and what do you think will be the end of all this? Here, I have received by the last mail, a quire of your draughts from abroad. I see you are determin'd our neighbours should taste of your magnificence.

Sir Geo. Yes, I think I did some credit to my country.

R. Weal. And how are all these to be paid?

Sir Geo. That I submit to you, dear nuncle.

R. Weal. From me!—Not a souse to keep you from the counter.

Sir Geo. Why then let the scoundrels stay. It is their duty. I have other demands, debts of honour, which must be discharg'd.

R. Weal. Here's a diabolical distinction! Here's a prostitution of words!—Honour! 'Sdeath, that a rascal, who has pick'd your pocket, shall have his crime gilded with the most sacred distinction, and his plunder punctually paid, whilst the industrious mechanic, who ministers to your very wants, shall have his debt delay'd, and his demand treated as insolent.

Sir Geo. Oh! a truce to this thread-bare trumpery, dear nuncle.

R. Weal. I confess my folly; but make yourself easy; you won't be troubled with many more of my visits. I own I was weak enough to design a short expostulation with you; but as we in the city know the true value of time, I shall take care not to squander away any more of it upon you,

Sir Geo. A prudent resolution.

R. Weal. One commission, however, I can't dispense with myself from executing.
—It was agreed between your father and me,

me, that as he had but one son and I one daughter——

Sir Geo. Your gettings should be added to his estate, and my cousin Margery and I squat down together in the comfortable state of matrimony.

R. Weal. Puppy! Such was our intention. Now his last will claims this contract.

Sir Geo. Dispatch, dear nuncle.

R. Weal. Why then, in a word, see me here demand the execution.

Sir Geo. What d'ye mean? For me to marry Margery?

R. Weal. I do.

Sir Geo. What, moi-me?

R. Weal. You, you——Your answer, ay or no?

Sir Geo. Why then concisely and briefly, without evasion, equivocation, or further circumlocution,——No.

R. Weal. I am glad of it.

Sir Geo. So am I.

R. Weal. But pray, if it wou'd not be too great a favour, what objections can you have to my daughter? Not that I want to remove 'em, but merely out of curiosity, What objections?

Sir Geo. None. I neither know her, have seen her, enquired after her, or ever intend it.

R. Weal. What, perhaps, I am the stumbling block?

Sir Geo. You have hit it.

R. Weal. Ay, now we come to the point. Well, and pray——

Sir Geo. Why it is not so much a dislike to your person, tho' that is exceptionable enough, but your profession, dear nuncle, is an insuperable obstacle.

R. Weal. Good lack ! And what harm has that done, pray ?

Sir Geo. Done ! So stain'd, polluted, and tainted the whole mass of your blood, thrown such a blot on your 'scutcheon, as ten regular successions can hardly efface.

R. Weal. The duce !

Sir Geo. And cou'd you now, consistently with your duty as a faithful guardian, recommend my union with the daughter of a trader ?

R. Weal. Why, indeed, I ask pardon ; I am afraid I did not weigh the matter as maturely as I ought.

Sir Geo. Oh, a horrid, barbarous scheme !

R. Weal. But then I thought her having the honour to partake of the same flesh and blood with yourself, might prove in some measure, a kind of fullers-earth, to scour out the dirty spots contracted by commerce.

Sir Geo. Impossible !

R. Weal. Besides, here it has been the practice even of peers.

Sir Geo. Don't mention the unnatural intercourse ! Thank heav'n, Mr. Richard Wealthy, my education has been in another country,

country, where I have been too well instructed in the value of nobility, to think of intermixing it with the offspring of a Bourgois. Why, what apology cou'd I make to my children, for giving them such a mother?

R. Weal. I did not think of that. Then I must despair, I am afraid.

Sir Geo. I can afford but little hopes. Tho', upon recollection——Is the Grissette pretty?

R. Weal. A parent may be partial. She is thought so.

Sir Geo. Ah la jolie petite Bourgoise! Poor girl, I sincerely pity her. And I suppose, to procure her emersion from the mercantile mud, no consideration wou'd be spar'd.

R. Weal. Why, to be sure, for such an honour, one wou'd strain a point.

Sir Geo. Why then, not totally to destroy your hopes, I do recollect an edict in favour of Brittany; that when a man of distinction engages in commerce, his nobility is suffer'd to sleep.

R. Weal. Indeed!

Sir Geo. And upon his quitting the contagious connexion, he is permitted to resume his rank.

R. Weal. That's fortunate.

Sir Geo. So, nuncle Richard, if you will sell out of the stocks, shut up your counting-house,

house, and quit St. Mary Ax for Grosvenor-square——

R. Weal. What then?

Sir Geo. Why, when your rank has had time to rouse itself, for I think your nobility, nuncle, has had a pretty long nap, if the girl's person is pleasing, and the purchase-money is adequate to the honour, I may in time be prevail'd upon to restore her to the right of her family.

R. Weal. Amazing condescension

Sir Geo. Good-nature is my foible. But, upon my soul, I wou'd not have gone so far for any body else.

R. Weal. I can contain no longer. Hear me, spendthrift, prodigal, do you know, that in ten days your whole revenue won't purchase you a feather to adorn your empty head?——

Sir Geo. Hey dey, what's the matter now?

R. Weal. And that you derive every acre of your boasted patrimony from your great uncle, a soap-boiler!

Sir Geo. Infamous aspersion!

R. Weal. It was his bags, the fruits of his honest industry, that preserv'd your lazy, beggarly nobility. His wealth repair'd your tottering hall, from the ruins of which, even the rats had run.

Sir Geo. Better our name had perish'd! Insupportable! soap-boiling, uncle!

R. Weal.

R. Weal. Traduce a trader in a country of commerce! It is treason against the community; and, for your punishment, I wou'd have you restor'd to the sordid condition from whence we drew you, and like your predecessors, the Picts, stript, painted, and fed upon hips, haws, and blackberries.

Sir Geo. A truce, dear haberdasher.

R. Weal. One pleasure I have, that to this goal you are upon the gallop; but have a care, the sword hangs but by a thread. When next we meet, know me for the master of your fate. [Exit.

Sir Geo. Insolent mechanic! But that his Bourgois blood wou'd have soil'd my sword—

Enter Baron and Loader.

Sir Will. What is de matter?

Sir Geo. A fellow here, upon the credit of a little affinity, has dar'd to upbraid me with being sprung from a soap-boiler.

Sir Will. Vat, you from the boiler of soap!

Sir Geo. Me.

Sir Will. Aha, begar, dat is anoder ting—And harka you, mister monsieur, ha—how dare a you have d'affrontary—

Sir Geo. How!

Sir Will. De impertinence to sit down, play wid me?

Sir Geo. What is this?

Sir Will. A beggarly Bourgois vis-a-vis, a baron of twenty descents.

Load.

Load. But baron——

Sir Will. Bygar, I am almost a sham'd to win of such a low, dirty—Give me my monies, and let a me never see your face.

Load. Why, but baron, you mistake this thing, I know the old buck this fellow prates about.

Sir Will. May be.

Load. Pigeon me, as true a gentleman as the grand signior. He was, indeed, a good-natur'd, obliging, friendly fellow; and being a great judge of soap, tar, and train-oil, he us'd to have it home to his house, and sell it to his acquaintance for ready money, to serve them.

Sir Will. Was dat all?

Load. Upon my honour.

Sir Will. Oh, dat, dat is anoder ting. Bygar I was afraid he was negotiant.

Load. Nothing like it.

Enter Dick.

Dick. A gentleman to enquire for Mr. Loader.

Load. I come—A pretty son of a bitch, this baron! pimps for the man, picks his pocket, and then wants to kick him out of company, because his uncle was an oil-man.

[*Exit.*

Sir Will. I beg pardon, chevalier, I was mistake.

Sir

THE MINOR. 59

Sir Geo. Oh, don't mention it; had the
flam been fact, your behaviour was natural
enough.

Enter Loader.

Load. Mr. Smirk, the auctioneer.

Sir Geo. Shew him in, by all means.
[*Exit Loader.*

Sir Will. You have affair.

Sir Geo. If you'll walk into the next room,
they will be finished in five minutes.

Enter Loader, with Shift as Smirk.

Load. Here, master Smirk, this is the
gentleman. Hark'e, knight, did I not tell
you, old Moll was your mark? Here she
has brought you a pretty piece of man's meat
already; as sweet as a nosegay, and as ripe
as a cherry, you rogue. Dispatch him, mean
time we'll manage the girl. [*Exit.*

Smirk. You are the principal.

Sir Geo. Even so. I have, Mr. Smirk,
some things of a considerable value, which
I want to dispose of immediately.

Smirk. You have?

Sir Geo. Could you assist me?

Smirk. Doubtless.

Sir Geo. But directly?

Smirk. We have an auction at twelve. I'll
add your cargo to the catalogue.

Sir Geo. Can that be done?

Smirk.

Smirk. Every day's practice : it is for the credit of the sale. Last week, amongst the valuable effects of a gentleman, going abroad, I sold a choice collection of china, with a curious service of plate ; though the real party was never master of above two Delft dishes, and a dozen of pewter, in all his life.

Sir Geo. Very artificial. But this must be conceal'd.

Smirk. Bury'd here. Oh, many an aigrette and solitaire have I sold, to discharge a lady's play-debt. But then we must know the parties ; otherwise it might be knockt down to the husband himself. Ha, ha—— Hey ho !

Sir Geo. True. Upon my word, your profession requires parts.

Smirk. No body's more. Did you ever hear, Sir George, what first brought me into the business ?

Sir Geo. Never.

Smirk. Quite an accident, as I may say. You must have known my predecessor, Mr. Prig, the greatest man in the world, in his way, ay, or that ever was, or ever will be ; quite a jewel of a man ; he would touch you up a lot ; there was no resisting him. He wou'd force you to bid, whether you wou'd or no. I shall never see his equal.

Sir Geo. You are modest, Mr. Smirk.

Smirk. No, no, but his shadow. Far be it from me, to vie with that great man. But as I was saying, my predecessor, Mr. Prig, was to have a sale as it might be on a Saturday. On Friday at noon, I shall never forget the day, he was suddenly seiz'd with a violent cholic. He sent for me to his bedside, squeez'd me by the hand; Dear Smirk, said he, what an accident! You know what is to-morrow; the greatest shew this season; prints, pictures, bronzes, butterflies, medals, and minionettes; all the world will be there; lady Dy Joss, Mrs. Nankyn, the dutchess of Dupe, and every body at all: You see my state, it will be impossible for me to mount. What can I do?—It was not for me, you know, to advise that great man.

Sir Geo. No, no.

Smirk. At last, looking wishfully at me, Smirk, says he, d'you love me?—Mr. Prig, can you doubt it?—I'll put it to the test, says he; supply my place to-morrow.—I, eager to shew my love, rashly and rapidly replied, I will.

Sir Geo. That was bold.

Smirk. Absolute madness. But I had gone too far to recede. Then the point was, to prepare for the awful occasion. The first want that occurred to me, was a wig; but this was too material an article to depend on my own judgment. I resolved to consult my friends. I told them the affair——You hear,

hear, gentlemen, what has happen'd; Mr. Prig, one of the greatest men in his way, the world ever saw, or ever will, quite a jewel of a man, taken with a violent fit of the cholic; to-morrow, the greatest shew this season; prints, pictures, bronzes, butterflies, medals, and minionettes; every body in the world to be there; lady Dy Joss, Mrs. Nankyn, dutchess of Dupe, and all mankind; it being impossible he should mount, I have consented to sell—They star'd—It is true, gentlemen. Now I should be glad to have your opinions as to a wig. They were divided: some recommended a tye, others a bag: one mention'd a bob, but was soon over-rul'd. Now, for my part, I own, I rather inclin'd to the bag; but to avoid the imputation of rashness, I resolv'd to take Mrs. Smirk's judgment, my wife, a dear good woman, fine in figure, high in taste, a superior genius, and knows old china like a Nabob.

Sir Geo. What was her decision?

Smirk. I told her the case—My dear, you know what has happen'd. My good friend, Mr. Prig, the greatest man in the world, in his way, that ever was, or ever will be, quite a jewel of a man, a violent fit of the cholic—the greatest shew this season, to-morrow, pictures, and every thing in the world; all the world will be there: now, as it is impossible he should, I mount in his stead.

You

You know the importance of a wig ; I have ask'd my friends—some recommended a tye, others a bag—what is your opinion ? Why, to deal freely, Mr. Smirk, says she, a tye for your round, regular, smiling face would be rather too formal, and a bag too boyish, deficient in dignity for the solemn occasion ; were I worthy to advise, you should wear a something between both.—I'll be hang'd, if you don't mean a major. I jump't at the hint, and a major it was.

Sir Geo. So, that was fixt.

Smirk. Finally. But next day, when I came to mount the rostrum, then was the tryal. My limbs shook, and my tongue trembled. The first lot was a chamber-utenfil, in Chelsea china, of the pea-green pattern. It occasioned a great laugh ; but I got thro' it. Her grace, indeed, gave me great encouragement. I overheard her whisper to lady Dy, Upon my word, Mr. Smirk does it very well. Very well, indeed, Mr. Smirk, addressing herself to me. I made an acknowledging bow to her grace, as in duty bound. But one flower flounced involuntarily from me that day, as I may say. I remember, Dr. Trifle call'd it enthusiastic, and pronounc'd it a presage of my future greatness.

Sir Geo. What was that ?

Smirk. Why, sir, the lot was a Guido ; a single figure, a marvellous fine performance ;

well preserv'd, and highly finish'd. It stuck at five and forty; I, charm'd with the picture, and piqu'd at the people, A going for five and forty, no body more than five and forty?—Pray, ladies and gentlemen, look at this piece, quite flesh and blood, and only wants a touch from the torch of Prometheus, to start from the canvass and fall a bidding. A general plaudit ensu'd, I bow'd, and in three minutes knock'd it down at sixty-three, ten.

Sir Geo. That was a stroke at least equal to your master.

Smirk. O dear me! You did not know the great man, alike in every thing. He had as much to say upon a ribbon as a Raphael. His manner too was inimitably fine. I remember, they took him off at the play-house, some time ago; pleasant, but wrong. Public characters shou'd not be sported with—They are sacred——But we lose time.

Sir Geo. Oh, in the lobby, on the table, you will find the particulars.

Smirk. We shall see you. There will be a world of company. I shall please you. But the great nicety of our art is, the eye. Mark how mine skims round the room. Some bidders are shy, and only advance with a nod; but I nail them. One, two, three, four, five. You will be surpris'd—Ha, ha, ha,—heigh ho!

[*Exit.*

A C T

A C T III.

Enter Sir George and Loader.

Sir George.

A Most infernal run. Let's see, (*Pulls out a card.*) Loader a thousand, the Baron two, Tally—Enough to beggar a banker. Every shilling of Transfer's supply exhausted! nor will even the sale of my moveables prove sufficient to discharge my debts. Death and the devil! In what a complication of calamities has a few days plung'd me! And no resource?

Load. Knight, here's old Moll come to wait on you; she has brought the tid-bit I spoke of. Shall I bid her send her in?

Sir Geo. Pray do.

[*Exit Loader.*]

Enter Mrs. Cole and Lucy.

Mrs. Cole. Come along, Lucy. You bashful baggage, I thought I had silenc'd your scruples. Don't you remember what Mr. Squintum said? A woman's not worth saving, that won't be guilty of a swinging sin; for then they have matter to repent upon. Here, your honour, I leave her to your management.

F

nagement. She is young, tender, and timid ; does not know what is for her own good : but your honour will soon teach her. I wou'd willingly stay, but I must not lose the lecture. *[Exit.*

Sir Geo. Upon my credit, a fine figure ! Aukward——Can't produce her publicly as mine ; but she will do for private amusement——Will you be seated, miss ?——Dumb ! quite a picture ! She too wants a touch of the Promethean torch——Will you be so kind, Ma'am, to walk from your frame and take a chair ?——Come, pr'ythee, why so coy ? Nay, I am not very adroit in the custom of this country. I suppose I must conduct you——Come, miss.

Lucy. O, fir.

Sir Geo. Child !

Lucy. If you have any humanity, spare me.

Sir Geo. In tears ! What can this mean ? Artifice. A project to raise the price, I suppose. Look'e, my dear, you may save this piece of pathetic for another occasion. It won't do with me ; I am no novice——So, child, a truce to your tragedy, I beg.

Lucy. Indeed you wrong me, fir ; indeed you do.

Sir Geo. Wrong you ! how came you here, and for what purpose ?

Lucy.

THE MINOR. 67

Lucy. A shameful one. I know it all, and yet believe me, sir, I am innocent.

Sir Geo. Oh, I don't question that. Your pious patroness is a proof of your innocence.

Lucy. What can I say to gain your credit? And yet, sir, strong as appearances are against me, by all that's holy, you see me here, a poor distressed, involuntary victim.

Sir Geo. Her style's above the common class; her tears are real.—Rise, child:—How the poor creature trembles!

Lucy. Say then I am safe.

Sir Geo. Fear nothing.

Lucy. May heaven reward you. I cannot.

Sir Geo. Pr'ythee, child, collect yourself, and help me to unravel this mystery. You came hither willingly? There was no force?

Lucy. None.

Sir Geo. You know Mrs. Cole.

Lucy. Too well.

Sir Geo. How came you then to trust her?

Lucy. Mine, sir, is a tedious, melancholy tale.

Sir Geo. And artless too?

Lucy. As innocence.

Sir Geo. Give it me.

Lucy. It will tire you.

Sir Geo. Not if it be true. Be just, and you will find me generous.

Lucy. On that, sir, I rely'd in venturing hither.

Sir Geo. You did me justice. Trust me with all your story. If you deserve, depend upon my protection.

Lucy. Some months ago, sir I, was consider'd as the joint heiress of a respectable, wealthy merchant; dear to my friends, happy in my prospects, and my father's favourite.

Sir Geo. His name.

Lucy. There you must pardon me. Unkind and cruel tho' he has been to me, let me discharge the duty of a daughter, suffer in silence, nor bring reproach on him who gave me being.

Sir Geo. I applaud your piety.

Lucy. At this happy period, my father, judging an addition of wealth must bring an increase of happiness, resolved to unite me with a man, sordid in his mind, brutal in his manners, and riches his only recommendation. My refusal of this ill-suited match, tho' mildly given, enflamed my father's temper, naturally choleric, alienated his affections, and banish'd me his house, distressed and destitute.

Sir Geo. Wou'd no friend receive you?

Lucy. Alas, how few are friends to the unfortunate! Besides, I knew, sir, such a step wou'd be consider'd by my father, as an
appeal

appeal from his justice. I therefore retir'd to a remote corner of the town, trusting, as my only advocate, to the tender calls of nature, in his cool, reflecting hours.

Sir Geo. How came you to know this woman?

Lucy. Accident plac'd me in a house, the mistress of which profess'd the same principles with my infamous conductress. There, as enthusiasm is the child of melancholy, I caught the infection. A constant attendance on their assemblies procured me the acquaintance of this woman, whose extraordinary zeal and devotion first drew my attention and confidence. I trusted her with my story, and in return, receiv'd the warmest invitation to take the protection of her house. This I unfortunately accepted.

Sir Geo. Unfortunately indeed!

Lucy. By the decency of appearances, I was some time imposed upon. But an accident, which you will excuse my repeating, reveal'd all the horror of my situation. I will not trouble you with a recital of all the arts us'd to seduce me: Happily they hitherto have fail'd. But this morning I was acquainted with my destiny; and no other election left me, but immediate compliance, or a jail. In this desperate condition, you cannot wonder, sir, at my choosing rather to rely on the generosity of a gentleman, than

the humanity of a creature insensible to pity, and void of every virtue.

Sir Geo. The event shall justify your choice. You have my faith and honour for your security. For tho' I can't boast of my own goodness, yet I have an honest feeling for afflicted virtue; and however unfashionable, a spirit that dares afford it protection. Give me your hand. As soon as I have dispatch'd some pressing business here, I will lodge you in an asylum, sacred to the distresses of your sex; where indigent beauty is guarded from temptations, and deluded innocence rescu'd from infamy. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Shift.

Zooks, I have toil'd like a horse; quite tir'd, by Jupiter. And what shall I get for my pains? The old fellow here talks of making me easy for life. Easy! And what does he mean by easy? He'll make me an excise-man, I suppose, and so with an ink-horn at my button-hole and a taper switch in my hand, I shall run about gauging of beer-barrels. No, that will never do. This lad here is no fool. Foppish, indeed. He does not want parts, no, nor principles neither. I overheard his scene with the girl. I think I may trust him. I have a great mind to venture it. It is a shame to have him
dup'd

T H E M I N O R. 71

dup'd by this old don. It must not be. I'll in and unfold—Ha!—Egad I have a thought too, which if my heir apparent can execute, I shall still lie conceal'd, and perhaps, be rewarded on both sides.

I have it,—'tis engender'd, piping hot.
And now, Sir Knight, I'll match you with
a plot. [Exit.

Enter Sir William and Richard Wealthy.

R. Weal. Well, I suppose, by this time, you are satisfied what a scoundrel you have brought into the world, and are ready to finish your foolery.

Sir Will. Got to the catastrophe, good brother.

R. Weal. Let us have it over then.

Sir Will. I have already alarmed all his tradesmen. I suppose we shall soon have him here, with a legion of bailiffs and constables.—Oh, you have my will about you?

R. Weal. Yes, yes.

Sir Will. It is almost time to produce it, or read him the clause that relates to his rejecting your daughter. That will do his business. But they come. I must return to my character.

Enter Shift.

Shift. Sir, fir, we are all in the wrong box; our scheme is blown up; your son has detected Loader and Tally, and is playing the very devil within.

Sir Will. Oh, the bunglers!

Shift. Now for it, youngster.



Enter Sir George, driving in Loader and another.

Sir Geo. Rascals, robbers, that like the locust, mark the road you have taken, by the ruin and desolation you leave behind you.

Load. Sir George!

Sir Geo. And can youth, however cautious, be guarded against such deep-laid complicated villany? Where are the rest of your diabolical crew? your auctioneer, usurer, and——O fir, are you here?——I am glad you have not escaped us, however.

Sir Will. What de devil is de matter?

Sir Geo. Your birth, which I believe an imposition, preserves you, however, from the discipline those rogues have receiv'd. A baron, a nobleman, a sharper! O shame! It is enough to banish all confidence from the world. On whose faith can we rely, when those,

those, whose honour is held as sacred as an oath, unmindful of their dignity, descend to rival pick-pockets in their infamous arts. What are these? [*pulls out dice*] pretty implements, the fruits of your leisure hours! They are dexterously done. You have a fine mechanical turn.—Dick, secure the door.

Mrs. Cole, speaking as entering.

Mrs. Cole. Here I am, at last. Well, and how is your honour, and the little gentlewoman?—Bless me! what is the matter here?

Sir Geo. I am, Madam, treating your friends with a cold collation, and you are opportunely come for your share. The little gentlewoman is safe, and in much better hands than you designed her. Abominable hypocrite! Who tottering under the load of irreverent age, and infamous diseases, inflexibly proceeds in the practice of every vice, impiously prostituting the most sacred institutions to the most infernal purposes.

Mrs. Cole. I hope your honour——

Sir Geo. Take her away. As you have been singular in your penitence, you ought to be distinguish'd in your penance; which, I promise you, shall be most publickly and plentifully bestow'd.

[*Exit Cole.*]

Enter

Enter Dick.

Dick. The constables, sir.

Sir Geo. Let them come in, that I may consign these gentlemen to their care. [*To Sir Will.*] Your letters of nobility you will produce in a court of justice. Tho', if I read you right, you are one of those indigent, itine ant nobles of your own creation, which our reputation for hospitality draws hither in shoals, to the shame of our understanding, the impairing of our fortunes, and when you are trusted, the betraying of our designs. Officers, do your duty.

Sir Will. Why, don't you know me?

Sir Geo. Just as I guess'd. An impostor. He has recover'd the free use of his tongue already.

Sir Will. Nay, but George.

Sir Geo. Insolent familiarity! away with him.

Sir Will. Hold, hold, a moment. Brother Richard, set this matter to rights.

R. Weal. Don't you know him?

Sir Geo. Know him! The very question is an affront.

R. Weal. Nay, I don't wonder at it. 'Tis your father, you fool.

Sir Geo. My father! Impossible!

Sir Will. That may be, but 'tis true.

Sir

THE MINOR. 75

Sir *Geo.* My father alive! Thus let me greet the blessing.

Sir *Will.* Alive! Ay, and I believe I shan't be in a hurry to die again.

Sir *Geo.* But, dear sir, the report of your death——and this disguise——to what——

Sir *Will.* Don't ask any questions. Your uncle will tell you all. For my part, I am sick of the scheme.

R. Weal. I told you what would come of your politics.

Sir *Will.* You did so. But if it had not been for those clumsy scoundrels, the plot was as good a plot——O George, such discoveries I have to make. Within I'll unravel the whole.

Sir *Geo.* Perhaps, sir, I may match 'em.

Shift. Sir. [*Pulls him by the sleeve.*]

Sir *Geo.* Never fear. It is impossible, gentlemen, to determine your fate, till this matter is more fully explain'd; till when, keep 'em in safe custody.——Do you know them, sir?

Sir *Will.* Yes, but that's more than they did me. I can cancel your debts there, and, I believe, prevail on those gentlemen to refund too——But you have been a sad profligate young dog, George.

Sir *Geo.* I can't boast of my goodness, sir, but I think I could produce you a proof, that I am not so totally destitute of——

Sir

Sir Will. Ay! Why then pr'ythee do.

Sir Geo. I have, sir, this day, resisted a temptation, that greater pretenders to morality might have yielded to. But I will trust myself no longer, and must crave your interposition and protection.

Sir Will. To what?

Sir Geo. I will attend you with the explanation in an instant. [Exit.

Sir Will. Pr'ythee, Shift, what does he mean?

Shift. I believe I can guess.

Sir Will. Let us have it.

Shift. I suppose the affair I overheard just now, a prodigious fine elegant girl, faith; that, discarded by her family, for refusing to marry her grand-father, fell into the hands of the venerable lady you saw, who being the kind caterer for your son's amusements, brought her hither for a purpose obvious enough. But the young gentleman, touch'd with her story, truth and tears, was converted from the spoiler of her honour, to the protector of her innocence.

Sir Will. Look'e there, brother, did not I tell you that George was not so bad at the bottom!

R. Weal. This does indeed atone for half the——But they are here.

Enter

Enter Sir George and Lucy.

Sir Geo. Fear nothing, madam, you may safely rely on the——

Lucy. My father!

R. Weal. Lucy!

Lucy. O, sir, can you forgive your poor distressed unhappy girl? You scarce can guess how hardly I've been us'd, since my banishment from your paternal roof. Want, pinning want, anguish and shame, have been my constant partners.

Sir Will. Brother!

Sir Geo. Sir!

Lucy. Father!

R. Weal. Rise, child, 'tis I must ask thee forgiveness. Canst thou forget the woes I've made thee suffer? Come to my arms once more, thou darling of my age.—What mischief had my rashness nearly completed. Nephew, I scarce can thank you as I ought, but——

Sir Geo. I am richly paid, in being the happy instrument——Yet, might I urge a wish——

R. Weal. Name it.

Sir Geo. That you would forgive my follies of to-day; and, as I have been providentially the occasional guardian of your daughter's

daughter's honour, that you would bestow on me that right for life.

R. Weal. That must depend on Lucy; her will, not mine, shall now direct her choice—What says your father?

Sir Will. Me! Oh, I'll shew you in an instant. Give me your hands. There, children, now, you are join'd, and the devil take him that wishes to part you.

Sir Geo. I thank you for us both.

R. Weal. Happiness attend you.

Sir Will. Now, brother, I hope you will allow me to be a good plotter. All this was brought to bear by my means.

Shift. With my assistance, I hope, you'll own, sir.

Sir Will. That's true, honest Shift, and thou shalt be richly rewarded; nay, George shall be your friend too. This Shift is an ingenious fellow, let me tell you, son.

Sir Geo. I am no stranger to his abilities, sir. But, if you please, we will retire. The various struggles of this fair sufferer require the soothing softness of a sister's love. And now, sir, I hope your fears for me are over; for had I not this motive to restrain my follies, yet I now know the town too well to be ever its bubble, and will take care to preserve, at least,

Some more estate, and principles, and wit,
Than brokers, bawds, and gamesters shall think fit.

S H I F T,

SHIFT, *addressing himself to Sir George.*

And what becomes of your poor servant Shift?
 Your father talks of lending me a lift— —
 A great man's promise, when his turn is serv'd!
 Capons on promises wou'd soon be starv'd:
 No, on myself alone, I'll now rely:
 'Gad I've a thriving traffic in my eye——
 Near the mad mansions of Moorfields I'll bawl;
 Friends, fathers, mothers, sisters, sons, and all,
 Shut up your shops, and listen to my call. }
 With labour, toil, all second means dispense,
 And live a rent-charge upon Providence.
 Prick up your ears; a story now I'll tell, }
 Which once a widow, and her child befel,
 I knew the mother, and her daughter well;
 Poor, it is true, they were; but never wanted,
 For whatsoe'er they ask'd, was always granted:
 One fatal day, the matron's truth was try'd,
 She wanted meat and drink, and fairly cry'd.
 [Child.] Mother, you cry! [Moth.] Oh, child,
 I've got no bread.
 [Child.] What matters that? Why Providence an't
 dead!
 With reason good, this truth the child might say,
 For there came in at noon, that very day,
 Bread, greens, potatoes, and a leg of mutton,
 A better sure a table ne'er was put on:
 Ay, that might be, ye cry, with those poor souls;
 But we ne'er had a rasher for the coals.
 And d'ye deserve it? How d'ye spend your days?
 In pastimes, prodigality, and plays!
 Let's go see Foote! ah, Foote's a precious limb!
 Old-nick will soon a football make of him!

For

For foremost rows in side-boxes you shove,
Think you to meet with side-boxes above?
Where gigling girls and powder'd fops may sit,
No, you will all be cramm'd into the pit,
And croud the house for Satan's benefit.
Oh! what you snivel? well, do so no more,
Drop, to atone, your money at the door,
And, if I please,——I'll give it to the poor.



F I N I S.

THE
L Y A R.

A
COMEDY

IN THREE ACTS.

As it is Performed at the
THEATRE in the HAY-MARKET.

BY SAMUEL FOOTE, ESQ.

LONDON:

Printed for P. VAILLANT, J. RIVINGTON,
R. BALDWIN, and S. BLADON, in
PATER-NOSTER-ROW.

M.DCC.LXIX.

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]



PROLOGUE,

WHAT various revolutions in our art,
Since Thespis first sung ballads in a cart!
By nature fram'd the witty war to wage,
And lay the deep foundations of the stage,
From his own soil that bard his pictures drew: }
The gaping crowd the mimic features knew,
And the broad jest with fire electric flew.
Succeeding times, more polish'd and refin'd,
To rigid rules the comic muse confin'd:
Robb'd of the nat'ral freedom of her song,
In artful measures now she floats along;
No sprightly sallies rouse the slumb'ring pit;
Thalia, grown mere architect in wit,
To doors and ladders has confin'd her cares,
Convenient closets, and a snug back-stairs;
'Twixt her and Satire has dissolv'd the league,
And jilted humour to enjoy intrigue.
To gain the suff'rage of this polish'd age,
We bring to-night a stranger on the stage:
His fire De Vega; we confess this truth,
Lest you mistake him for a British youth.
Severe the censure on my feeble pen,
Neglecting manners, that she copies men:
Thus, if I hum or ha, or name report,
'Tis Serjeant Splitcause from the Inns of court;
If, at the age that ladies cease to dance,
To romp at Ranelagh, or read romance,
I draw a dowager inclin'd to man,
Or paint her rage for china or japan,
The true original is quickly known,
And lady Squab proclaim'd throughout the town.
But in the following group let no man dare
To claim a limb, nay, not a single hair:
What gallant Briton can be such a sot
To own the child a Spaniard has beget.

Dramatis Personæ.

Sir JAMES ELLIOT,	Mr. DAVIS.
OLD WILDING, the father,	Mr. CASTLE.
YOUNG WILDING,	Mr. FOOTE.
PAPILLION,	Mr. WESTON.
Miss GRANTAM,	Mrs. JEFFRIES.
Miss GODFREY,	Mrs. BROWN.
KITTY, the maid,	Mrs. PARSONS.
The Servants.	

T H E
L Y A R.

A C T I.

S C E N E a Lodging.

YOUNG WILDING and PAPILLION *discovered.*

Young Wilding.

AND I am now, Papillion, perfectly
equipp'd ?

Papillion. Personne mieux. Nobody
better.

Y. Wild. My figure ?

Pap. Fait a peindre.

Y. Wild. My air ?

Pap. Libre.

Y. Wild. My address ?

Pap. Parisiene.

Y. Wild. My hat fits easily under my arm ;
not like the draggled tail of my tatter'd acade-
mical habit.

Pap. Ah, bien autre chose.

Y. Wild. Why then, adieu, Alma Mater, and
bien venüe, la ville de Londre ; farewell to the
schools, and welcome the theatres ; presidents,
proctors, short commons with long graces, must
now give place to plays, bagnios, long tavern-
bills with no graces at all.

B

Pap.

Pap. Ah, bravo, bravo!

Y. Wild. Well but, my dear Papillion, you must give me the chart du paye: This town is a new world to me; my provident papa, you know, would never suffer me near the smoak of London; and what can be his motive for permitting me now, I can't readily conceive.

Pap. Ni moi.

Y. Wild. I shall, however, take the liberty to conceal my arrival from him for a few days.

Pap. Vous avez raison.

Y. Wild. Well, my Mentor, and how am I to manage? direct my road: where must I begin? but the debate is, I suppose, of consequence?

Pap. Vraiment.

Y. Wild. How long have you left Paris, Papillion?

Pap. Twelve, thirteen year.

Y. Wild. I can't compliment you upon your progress in English.

Pap. The accent is difficult.

Y. Wild. But here you are at home.

Pap. C'est vrai.

Y. Wild. No strangers to fashionable places.

Pap. O faite!

Y. Wild. Acquainted with the fashionable figures of both sexes.

Pap. Sans doute.

Y. Wild. Well then, open your lecture: And, d'ye hear, Papillion, as you have the honour to be promoted from the mortifying condition of an humble valet, to the important charge of a private tutor, let us discard all distance between us: See me ready to slack my thirst at your fountain of knowledge, my Magnus Apollo.

Pap. Here then I disclose my Helicon to my poetical pupil.

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. Hey, Papillion!

Pap. Sir?

Y. Wild. What is this? why, you speak English!

Pap. Without doubt.

Y. Wild. But like a native!

Pap. To be sure.

Y. Wild. And what am I to conclude from 'all this?

Pap. Logically thus, Sir: Whoever speaks pure English is an Englishman: I speak pure English; ergo, I am an Englishman. There's a categorical syllogism for you, Major, Minor, and Consequence. What, do you think, Sir, that whilst you was busy at Oxford, I was idle? no, no, no.

Y. Wild. Well, Sir, but notwithstanding your pleasantry, I must have this matter explain'd.

Pap. So you shall, my good Sir; but don't be in such a hurry: You can't suppose I would give you the key, unless I meant you should open the door.

Y. Wild. Why then, prythee, unlock.

Pap. Immediately. But, by way of entering upon my post as preceptor, suffer me first to give you a hint: You must not expect, Sir, to find here, as at Oxford, men appearing in their real characters; every body there, Sir, knows that Dr. Mussy is a fellow of Maudlin, and Tom Trifle a student of Christchurch; but this town is one great comedy, in which not only the principles, but frequently the persons are feign'd.

Y. Wild. A useful observation.

Pap. Why now, Sir, at the first coffee-house I shall enter you, you will perhaps meet a man from whose decent sable dress, placid countenance, insinuating behaviour, short sword, with the waiter's civil addition of "a dish of coffee

for Dr. Julap," you would suppose him to be a physician.

Y. Wild. Well?

Pap. Does not know diascordium from diaculum. An absolute French spy, conceal'd under the shelter of a huge medicinal perriwig.

Y. Wild. Indeed!

Pap. A martial figure too, it is odds but you will encounter; from whose scars, title, dress, and address, you would suppose to have had a share in every action since the peace of the Pyrenees: runner to a gaming-table, and bully to a bawdy-house. Battles, to be sure, he has been in—with the watch; and frequently a prisoner too—in the round-house.

Y. Wild. Amazing!

Pap. In short, Sir, you will meet with lawyers who practise smuggling, and merchants who trade upon Hounslow-heath; reverend atheists, right honourable sharpers; and Frenchmen from the county of York.

Y. Wild. In the last list, I presume, you roll.

Pap. Just my situation.

Y. Wild. And pray, Sir, what may be your motive for this whimsical transformation?

Pap. A very harmless one, I promise you: I would only avail myself at the expence of folly and prejudice.

Y. Wild. As how?

Pap. Why, Sir——But, to be better understood, I believe it will be necessary to give you a short sketch of the principal incidents of my life.

Y. Wild. Prithee do.

Pap. Why then you are to know, Sir, that my former situation has been rather above my present condition, having once sustained the dignity of sub-preceptor to one of those cheap rural academies

academies with which our county of York is so plentifully stock'd.

Y. Wild. But to the point : Why this disguise ? why renounce your country ?

Pap. There, Sir, you make a little mistake ; it was my country that renounc'd me.

Y. Wild. Explain.

Pap. In an instant, upon quitting the school, and first coming to town, I got recommended to the compiler of the Monthly Review.

Y. Wild. What, an author too ?

Pap. Oh, a voluminous one : the whole region of the belles lettres fell under my inspection ; physic, divinity, and the mathematics, my mistress manag'd herself. There, Sir, like another Aristarch, I dealt out fame and damnation at pleasure. In obedience to the caprice and commands of my master, I have condemn'd books I never read, and applauded the fidelity of a translation, without understanding one syllable of the original.

Y. Wild. Ah ! why I thought acuteness of discernment, and depth of knowledge, were necessary to accomplish a critic.

Pap. Yes, Sir ; but not a monthly one. Our method was very concise : We copy the title-page of a new book ; we never go any further : if we are order'd to praise it, we have at hand about ten words, which, scatter'd through as many periods, effectually does the business ; as, " laudable design, happy arrangement, spirited language, nervous sentiment, elevation of thought, conclusive argument ; " if we are to decry, then we have, " unconnected, flat, false, illiberal structure, reprehensible, unnatural : " and thus, Sir, we pepper the author, and soon rid our hands of his work.

Y. Wild.

6 T H E L Y A R.

Y. Wild. A short recipe.

Pap. And yet, Sir, you have all the materials that are necessary: These are the arms with which we engage authors of every kind. To us all subjects are equal; plays or sermons, poetry or politics, music or midwifry, it is the same thing.

Y. Wild. How came you to resign this easy employment?

Pap. It would not answer. Notwithstanding what we say, people will judge for themselves; our work hung upon hand, and all I could get from the publisher was four shillings a-week, and my small beer. Poor pittance!

Y. Wild. Poor indeed.

Pap. Oh, half-starv'd me!

Y. Wild. What was your next change?

Pap. I was mightily puzzled to choose. Some would have had me turn player, and others methodist preacher; but as I had no money to build me a tabernacle, I did not think it could answer; and as to a player—whatever might happen to me, I was determin'd not to bring a disgrace upon my family, and so I resolv'd to turn footman.

Y. Wild. Wisely resolv'd.

Pap. Yes, Sir, but not so easily executed.

Y. Wild. No!

Pap. Oh no, Sir. Many a weary step have I taken after a place: here I was too old, there I was too young; here the last livery was too big, there it was too little; here I was awkward, there I was knowing; madam disliked me at this house, her ladyship's woman at the next: So that I was as much puzzled to find out a place, as the great Cynic philosopher to discover a man. In short, I was quite in a state of despair, when Chance threw an old friend in my way that quite retriev'd my affairs.

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. Pray who might he be?

Pap. A little bit of a Swiss genius, who had been French usher with me at the same school in the country. I open'd my melancholy story to him, over three pennyworth of beef-a la-mode, in a cellar in St. Ann's. My little foreign friend purs'd up his lanthorn jaws, and with a shrug of contempt, "Ah, maître Jean, vous n'avez pas la politique; you have no finesse: to trive here you must study the folly of your own country." "How, Monsieur!" "Taisez vous. Keep a your tongue! autre foy! I teach you speak French, now I teach a you to forget English. Go vid me to my lodgement, I vil give you proper drefs; den go present yourself to de same hotels, de very same house; you will find all de doors dat was shut in your face as footman Anglois, will fly open demselves to a French valet de chambre."

Y. Wild. Well, Papillion?

Pap. Gad, Sir, I thought it was but an honest artifice, so I determin'd to follow my friend's advice.

Y. Wild. Did it succeed?

Pap. Better than expectation: my tawny face, long queue, and broken English, was a pas par tout. Besides, when I am out of place, this disguise procures me many resources.

Y. Wild. As how?

Pap. Why, at a pinch, Sir, I am either a teacher of tongues, a friseur, a dentist, or a dancing-master; these, Sir, are hereditary professions to Frenchmen. But now, Sir, to the the point: As you were pleas'd to be so candid with me, I was determin'd to have no reserve with you. You have study'd books, I have study'd men; you want advice, and I have some at your service.

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. Well, I'll be your customer.

Pap. But guard my secret : if I should be so unfortunate to lose your place, don't shut me out from every other.

Y. Wild. You may rely upon me.

Pap. In a few years I shall be in a condition to retire from business ; but whether I shall settle at my family-seat, or pass over to the continent, is as yet undetermined. Perhaps, in gratitude to the country, I may purchase a marquise near Paris, and spend the money I have got by their means, generously amongst them.

Y. Wild. A grateful intention. But let us fall. Where do we open ?

Pap. Let us see—one o'clock—it is a fine day : the Mall will be crowded.

Y. Wild. Alons.

Pap. But don't stare, Sir : survey every thing with an air of habit and indifference.

Y. Wild. Never fear.

Pap. But I would, Sir, crave a moment's audience, upon a subject that may prove very material to you.

Y. Wild. Proceed.

Pap. You will pardon my presumption ; but you have, my good master, one little foible that I could wish you to correct.

Y. Wild. What is it ?

Pap. And yet it is a pity too, you do it so very well.

Y. Wild. Prithee be plain.

Pap. You have, Sir, a lively imagination, with a most happy turn for invention.

Y. Wild. Well.

Pap. But now and then in your narratives you are hurry'd, by a flow of spirits, to border upon the improbable, a little given to the marvellous.

Y. Wild.

T H E L Y A R. 9

Y. Wild. I understand you: what, I am somewhat subject to lying.

Pap. Oh, pardon me, Sir; I don't say that; no, no, only a little apt to embellish; that's all. To be sure it is a fine gift; that there is no disputing: but men in general are so stupid, so rigorously attach'd to matter of fact——And yet this talent of yours is the very soul and spirit of poetry; and why it should not be the same in prose, I can't for my life determine.

Y. Wild. You would advise me, then, not to be quite so poetical in my prose?

Pap. Why, Sir, if you would descend a little to the grovelling comprehension of the million, I think it would be as well.

Y. Wild. I'll think of it.

Pap. Besides, Sir, in this town people are more smoaky and suspicious. Oxford, you know, is the seat of the muses, and a man is naturally permitted more ornament and garniture to his conversation than they will allow in this latitude.

Y. Wild. I believe you are right. But we shall be late. D'ye hear me, Papillion: if at any time you find me growing too poetical, give me a hint; your advice shan't be thrown away.

[Exit.]

Pap. I wish it may'nt; but the disease is too rooted to be quickly remov'd. Lord, how I have sweat for him! yet he is as unimbarraßed, easy, and fluent, all the time, as if he really believ'd what he said. Well, to be sure he is a great master; it is a thousand pities his genius could not be converted to some public service: I think the government should employ him to answer the Brussels Gazette. I'll be hang'd if he is not too many for Monsieur Maubert, at his own weapons.

[Exit.]

SCENE

C

SCENE the Park.

Enter Miss GRANTHAM and Miss GODFREY, and Servant.

Miss Grantbam. John, let the chariot go round to Spring-Gardens, for your mistress and I shall call at Lady Bab's, Miss Arabella Allnight's, the countess of Crumple's, and the tall man's, this morning. My dear Miss Godfrey, what trouble I have had to get you out! why, child, you are as tedious as a long mourning.' Do you know now, that of all places of public rendezvous I honour the Park? forty thousand million of times preferable to the play-house! Don't you think so, my dear!

Miss Godfrey. They are both well in their way.

M. Gr. Way! why the purpose of both is the same; to meet company, isn't it? what, d'ye think I go there for the plays, or come here for the trees? ha, ha! well, that is well enough. But. O Gemini! I beg a million of pardons: You are a prude, and have no relish for the little innocent liberties with which a fine woman may indulge herself in public.

M. God. Liberties in public!

M. Gr. Yes, child; such as encoring a song at an opera, interrupting a play in a critical scene of distress, hallowing to a pretty fellow cross the Mall, as loud as if you were calling a coach. Why, do you know now, my dear, that by a lucky stroke in dress, and a few high airs of my own making, I have had the good fortune to be gaz'd at and followed by as great a croud, on a Sunday, as if I was the Tripoli ambassador?

M. God.

M. God. The good fortune, Ma'am! Surely, the wish of every decent woman is to be unnoticed in public.

M. Gr. Decent! oh, my dear queer creature, what a phrase have you found out for a woman of fashion! Decency is, child, a mere bourgeois plebeian quality, and fit only for those who pay court to the world, and not for us to whom the world pays court. Upon my word, you must enlarge your ideas: you are a fine girl, and we must not have you lost; I'll undertake you myself. But, as I was saying—Pray, my dear, what was I saying?

M. God. I profess I don't recollect.

M. Gr. Hey!—Oh, ay, the park. One great reason for my loving the Park is, that one has so many opportunities of creating connections.

M. God. Ma'am!

M. Gr. Nay, don't look grave. Why, do you know that all my male friendships are form'd in this place?

M. God. It is an odd spot: But you must pardon me if I doubt the possibility.

M. Gr. Oh, I will convince you in a moment; for here seems to be coming a good smart figure that I don't recollect. I will throw out a lure.

M. God. Nay, for Heaven's sake!

M. Gr. I am determin'd, child: that is—

M. God. You will excuse my withdrawing.

M. Gr. Oh, please yourself, my dear.

[Exit Miss Godfrey.]

Enter YOUNG WILDING with PAPILLION.

Y. Wild. Your ladyship's handkerchief, Ma'am.

M. Gr. I am, Sir, concern'd at the trouble—

Y. Wild. A most happy incident for me, Madam; as Chance has given me an honour in one
C 2 lucky

lucky minute, that the most diligent attention has not been able to procure for me in the whole tedious round of a revolving year.

M. G. Is this meant to me, Sir?

Y. Wild. To whom else, Madam? Surely, you must have mark'd my respectful assiduity, my uninterrupted attendance; to plays, operas, balls, routs, and ridottas, I have pursued you like your shadow; I have besieged your door for a glimpse of your exit and entrance, like a distressed creditor, who has no arms against privilege but perseverance.

Pap. So, now he is in for it; stop him who can.

Y. Wild. In short, Madam, ever since I quitted America, which I take now to be about a year, I have as faithfully guarded, the live-long night, your ladyship's portal, as a centinel the powder-magazine in a fortified city.

Pap. Quitted America! well pull'd.

M. Gr. You have serv'd in America then?

Y. Wild. Full four years, Ma'am: and during that whole time, not a single action of consequence, but I had an opportunity to signalize myself; and I think I may, without vanity, affirm I did not miss the occasion. You have heard of Quebec, I presume?

Pap. What the deuce is he driving at now?

Y. Wild. The project to surprize that place was thought a happy expedient, and the first mounting the breach a gallant exploit. There, indeed, the whole army did me justice.

M. Gr. I have heard the honour of that conquest attributed to another name.

Y. Wild. The mere taking the town, Ma'am. But that's a trifle: Sieges now a-days are reduced to certainties; it is amazing how minutely

nutely exact we, who know the business, are at calculation: For instance now, we will suppose the commander in chief, addressing himself to me, was to say, "Colonel, I want to reduce that fortress; what will be the expence?" "Why, please your highness, the reduction of that fortress will cost you one thousand and two lives, sixty-nine legs, dittb arms, fourscore fractures, with about twenty dozen of flesh wounds."

M. Gr. And you should be near the mark?

Y. Wild. To an odd joint, Ma'am. But, Madam, it is not to the French alone that my feats are confin'd: Cherokees, Catabaws, with all the Aws and Ees of the continent, have felt the force of my arms.

Pap. This is too much, Sir.

Y. Wild. Hands off! Nor am I less adroit at a treaty, Madam, than terrible in battle: To me we owe the friendship of the Five Nations, and I had the first honour of smoaking the pipe of peace with the Little Carpenter.

M. Gr. And so young!

Y. Wild. This gentleman, though a Frenchman and an enemy, I had the fortune to deliver from the Mohawks, whose prisoner he had been for nine years. He gives a most entertaining account of their laws and customs: he shall present you with the wampum-belt, and a scalping-knife. Will you permit him, Madam, just to give you a taste of the military-dance, with a short specimen of their warhoop.

Pap. For Heaven's sake!

M. Gr. The place is too public.

Y. Wild. In short, Madam, after having gathered as many laurels abroad as would garnish a Gothic cathedral at Christmas, I returned to reap the harvest of the well-fought field. Here
it

it was my good fortune to encounter you : then was the victor vanquished ; what the enemy could never accomplish, your eyes in an instant atchiev'd ; prouder to serve here than command in chief elsewhere ; and more glerious in wearing your chains, than in triumphing over the vanquish'd world.

M. Gr. I have got here a most heroical lover : But I see Sir James Elliot coming, and must dismiss him. [*Aside* | Well, Sir, I accept the tendre of your passion, and may find a time to renew our acquaintance ; at present it is necessary we should separate.

Y. Wild. " Slave to your will, I live but to obey you." But may I be indulg'd with the knowledge of your residence.

M. Gr. Sir ?

Y. Wild. Your place of abode ?

M. Gr. Oh, Sir, you can't want to be acquainted with that ; you who have a whole year stood centinel at my ladyship's portal.

Y. Wild. Madam, I—I—I—

M. Gr. Oh, Sir, your servant. Ha, ha, ha ! What, you are caught ! Ha, ha, ha ! Well, he has a most intrepid assurance. Adieu, my Mars. Ha, ha, ha ! [*Exit.*

Pap. That last was an unlucky question, Sir.

Y. Wild. A little mal-a-propos, I must confess.

Pap. A man should have a good memory who deals much in this poetical prose.

Y. Wild. Poh ! I'll soon re-establish my credit. But I must know who this girl is : Hark ye, Papillion, could not you contrive to pump out of her footman—I see there he stands—the name of his mistress ?

Pap. I will try.

[*Exit.*

[*Wilding retires to the back of the stage.*

Enter

Enter Sir JAMES ELLIOT, and Servant.

Sir James. Music and an Entertainment?

Servant. Yes, Sir.

Sir Ja. Last night, upon the water?

Serv. Upon the water, last night.

Sir Ja. Who gave it?

Serv. That, Sir, I can't say.

To them WILDING.

Y. Wild. Sir James Elliot, your most devoted

Sir Ja. Ah, my dear Wilding! you are welcome to town.

Y. Wild. You will pardon my impatience; I interrupted you; you seem'd upon an interesting subject.

Sir Ja. Oh, an affair of gallantry.

Y. Wild. Of what kind?

Sir Ja. A young lady regal'd last night by her lover, on the Thames.

Y. Wild. As how?

Sir Ja. A band of music in boats.

Y. Wild. Were they good performers?

Sir Ja. The best. Then conducted to Marble-hall, where she found a magnificent collation.

Y. Wild. Well order'd?

Sir Ja. With elegance. After supper a ball; and, to conclude the night, a firework.

Y. Wild. Was the last well design'd?

Sir Ja. Superb.

Y. Wild. And happily executed?

Sir Ja. Not a single faux pas.

Y. Wild. And you don't know who gave it?

Sir Ja. I can't even guess.

Y. Wild. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Ja. Why do you laugh?

Y. Wild. Ha, ha, ha! It was me.

Sir

Sir Ja. You!

Pap. You, Sir!

Y. Wild. Moi—me.

Pap. So, so, so; he is enter'd again.

Sir Ja. Why, you are fortunate, to find a mistress in so short a space of time.

Y. Wild. Short! why, man, I have been in London these six weeks.

Pap. O Lord, O Lord!

Y. Wild. It is true, not caring to encounter my father, I have rarely ventur'd out but at nights.

Pap. I can hold no longer. Dear Sir!

Y. Wild. Peace, puppy!

Pap. A curb to your poetical vein.

Y. Wild. I shall curb your impertinence.—But since the story is got abroad I will, my dear friend, treat you with all the particulars.

Sir Ja. I shall hear it with pleasure.—This is a lucky adventure: but he must not know he is my rival. [*Aside.*]

Y. Wild. Why, Sir, between six and seven my goddess embark'd, at Somerset-stairs, in one of the companies barges, gilt and hung with damask, expressly for the occasion.

Pap. Mercy on us!

Y. Wild. At the cabin-door she was accosted by a beautiful boy, who, in the garb of a Cupid, paid her some compliments in verse of my own composing: The conceits were pretty; allusions to Venus and the sea—the lady and the Thames—no great matter; but, however, well-tim'd, and what was better, well taken.

Sir Ja. Doubtless.

Pap. At what a rate he runs!

Y. Wild. As soon as we had gain'd the center of the river, two boats, full of trumpets, French horns,

horns, and other martial music, struck up their sprightly strains from the Surry-side, which were eccho'd by a suitable number of lutes, flutes, and hautboys, from the opposite shore. In this state, the oars keeping time, we majestically sail'd along, till the arches of the New Bridge gave a pause, and an opportunity for an elegant desert in Dresden-china, by Robinson. Here the repast clos'd, with a few favourite airs from Eliza, Tenducci, and the Mattei.

Pap. Mercy on us!

Y. Wild. Opposite Lambeth I had prepar'd a naval engagement, in which Boscawen's victory over the French was repeated: the action was conducted by one of the commanders on that expedition, and not a single incident omitted.

Sir Ja. Surely you exaggerate a little.

Pap. Yes, yes, this battle will sink him.

Y. Wild. True to the letter, upon my honour. I sha'n't trouble you with the repetition of our collation, ball, feu d'artifice, with the thousand little incidental amusements that chance or design produc'd: it is enough to know, that all that could flatter the senses, fire the imagination, or gratify the expectation, was there produc'd in a lavish abundance.

Sir Ja. The sacrifice was, I presume, grateful to your deity.

Y. Wild. Upon that subject you must pardon my silence.

Pap. Modest creature!

Sir Ja. I wish you joy of your success.—For the present you will excuse me.

Y. Wild. Nay, but stay and hear the conclusion.

Sir Ja. For that I shall seize another occasion. [Exit.

Pap. Nobly perform'd, Sir.

D

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. Yes, I think happily hit off.

Pap. May I take the liberty to offer one question?

Y. Wild. Freely.

Pap. Pray, Sir, are you often visited with these waking dreams?

Y. Wild. Dreams! what dost mean by dreams?

Pap. These ornamental reveries, these frolics of fancy, which, in the judgment of the vulgar, would be deem'd absolute flames.

Y. Wild. Why, Papillion, you have but a poor, narrow, circumscribed genius.

Pap. I must own, Sir, I have not sublimity sufficient to relish the full fire of your Pindaric muse.

Y. Wild. No; a plebeian soul! But I will animate thy clay: mark my example, follow my steps, and in time thou may'st rival thy master.

Pap. Never, never, Sir: I have not talents to fight battles without blows, and give feasts that don't cost me a farthing. Besides, Sir, to what purpose are all these embellishments? why tell the lady you have been in London a year?

Y. Wild. The better to plead the length, and consequently the strength of my passion.

Pap. But why, Sir, a soldier?

Y. Wild. How little thou know'st of the sex! What, I suppose thou would'st have me attack them in mood and figure, by a pedantic, classical quotation, or a pompous parade of jargon from the schools. What, dost think that women are to be got like degrees!

Pap. Nay, Sir—

Y. Wild. No, no; the *savoir vivre* is the science for them; the man of war is their man; they must be taken like towns, by lines of approach, countercarps, angles, trenches, cohornes, and

and covert-ways; then enter sword in hand, pell-mell: oh, how they melt at the Gothic names of General Swappinback, Count Roufoumoufsky, Prince Montecuculi, and Marshal Fustinburgh! Men may say what they will of their Ovid, their Petrarch, and their Waller, but I'll undertake to do more business by the single aid of the London Gazette, than by all the fighting, dying, crying crotchets, that the whole race of rhymers have ever produc'd.

Pap. Very well, Sir; this is all very lively; but remember the travelling pitcher: if you don't one time or other, under favour, lye yourself into some confounded scrape, I will be content to be hang'd.

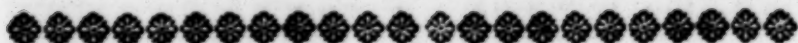
Y. Wild. Do you think so, Papillion?—And whenever that happens, if I don't lye myself out of it again, why then I will be content to be crucify'd. And so, along after the lady. [*Stops short, going out.*] Zounds, here comes my father! I must fly. Watch him, Papillion, and bring me word to the Cardigan.

[*Exeunt separately.*]

E N D of the F I R S T A C T.

D 2

A C T



A C T II.

SCENE a Tavern.

YOUNG WILDING *and* PAPILLION *rising from Table.*

Young Wilding.

GAD, I had like to have run into the old gentleman's mouth.

Pap. It is pretty near the same thing; for I saw him join Sir James Elliot: so your arrival is no longer a secret.

Y. Wild. Why then I must lose my pleasure, and you your preferment: I must submit to the dull decency of a sober family, and you to the customary duties of brushing and powdering. But I was so flutter'd at meeting my father, that I forgot the fair: prythee who is she?

Pap. There were two.

Y. Wild. That I saw?

Pap. From her footman I learnt her name was Godfrey.

Y. Wild. And her fortune?

Pap. Immense.

Y. Wild. Single, I hope?

Pap. Certainly.

Y. Wild. Then will I have her.

Pap. What, whether she will or no?

Y. Wild. Yes.

Pap. How will you manage that?

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. By making it impossible for her to marry any one else.

Pap. I don't understand you, Sir.

Y. Wild. Oh, I shall only have recourse to that talent you so mightily admire. You will see, by the circulation of a few anecdotes, how soon I will get rid of my rivals.

Pap. At the expence of the lady's reputation, perhaps.

Y. Wild. That will be as it happens.

Pap. And have you no qualms, Sir?

Y. Wild. Why, where's the injury?

Pap. No injury to ruin her fame!

Y. Wild. I will restore it to her again.

Pap. How?

Y. Wild. Turn tinker, and mend it myself.

Pap. Which way?

Y. Wild. The old way; solder it by marriage: that, you know, is the modern salve for every sore.

Enter WAITER.

Wait. An elderly gentleman to enquire for Mr. Wilding.

Y. Wild. For me! what sort of a being is it?

Wait. Being, Sir!

Y. Wild. Ay; how is he drest?

Wait. In a tye-wig and snuff-colour'd coat.

Pap. Zooks, Sir, it is your father.

Y. Wild. Shew him up. *[Exit Waiter.]*

Pap. And what must I do?

Y. Wild. Recover your broken English, but preserve your rank: I have a reason for it.

Enter OLD WILDING.

O. Wild. Your servant, Sir: you are welcome to town.

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. You have just prevented me, Sir: I was preparing to pay my duty to you.

O. Wild. If you thought it a duty, you should, I think, have sooner discharg'd it.

Y. Wild. Sir!

O. Wild. Was it quite so decent, Jack, to be six weeks in town, and conceal yourself only from me?

Y. Wild. Six weeks! I have scarce been six hours.

O. Wild. Come, come; I am better inform'd.

Y. Wild. Indeed, Sir, you are impos'd upon. This gentleman (whom first give me leave to have the honour of introducing to you), this, Sir, is the marquis de Chatteau Briant, of an ancient house in Brittany; who travelling thro' England, chose to make Oxford for some time the place of his residence, where I had the happiness of his acquaintance.

O. Wild. Does he speak English?

Y. Wild. Not fluently, but understands it perfectly.

Pap. Pray, Sir——

O. Wild. Any services, Sir, that I can render you here you may readily command.

Pap. Beacoup d'honneur.

Y. Wild. This gentleman, I say, Sir, whose quality and country are sufficient securities for his veracity, will assure you that yesterday we left Oxford together.

O. Wild. Indeed!

Pap. C'est vrai.

O. Wild. This is amazing, I was, at the same time, inform'd of another circumstance too, that, I confess, made me a little uneasy, as it interfer'd with a favourite scheme of my own.

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. What could that be, pray, Sir?

O. Wild. That you had conceiv'd a violent affection for a fair lady.

Y. Wild. Sir!

O. Wild. And had given her very gallant and very expensive proofs of your passion.

Y. Wild. Me, Sir!

O. Wild. Particularly last night; music, collations, balls, and fireworks.

Y. Wild. Monsieur le marquis!—And pray, Sir, who could tell you all this?

O. Wild. An old friend of yours.

Y. Wild. His name, if you please.

O. Wild. Sir James Elliot.

Y. Wild. Yes; I thought he was the man.

O. Wild. Your reason.

Y. Wild. Why, Sir, though Sir James Elliot has a great many good qualities, and is, upon the whole, a valuable man, yet he has one fault which has long determined me to drop his acquaintance.

O. Wild. What may that be?

Y. Wild. Why you can't, Sir, be a stranger to his prodigious skill in the traveller's talent.

O. Wild. How!

Y. Wild. Oh, notorious to a proverb.—His friends, who are tender of his fame, gloss over his foible, by calling him an agreeable novelist; and so he is, with a vengeance: Why, he will tell you more lyes in an hour, than all the circulating libraries, put together, will publish in a year.

O. Wild. Indeed!

Y. Wild. Oh, he is the modern Mandeville at Oxford: he was always distinguish'd by the facetious appellation of the Bouncer.

O. Wild. Amazing!

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. Lord, Sir, he is so well understood in his own country, that at the last Hereford assize a cause, as clear as the sun, was absolutely thrown away by his being merely mentioned as a witness.

O. Wild. A strange turn.

Y. Wild. Unaccountable. But there, I think, they went a little too far; for if it had come to an oath, I don't think he would have bounc'd neither; but in common occurrences there is no repeating after him. Indeed, my great reason for dropping him was, that my credit began to be a little suspected too.

Pap. Poor gentleman!

O. Wild. Why, I never heard this of him.

Y. Wild. That may be: but can there be a stronger proof of his practice than the clam he has been telling you, of fireworks, and the Lord knows what. And I dare swear, Sir, he was very fluent and florid in his description.

O. Wild. Extremely.

Y. Wild. Yes, that is just his way; and not a syllable of truth from the beginning to the ending, marquis?

Pap. Oh, dat is all a fiction upon mine honour.

Y. Wild. You see, Sir.

O. Wild. Clearly. I really can't help pitying the poor man. I have heard of people, who, by long habit, become a kind of constitutional lyars.

Y. Wild. Your observation is just; that is exactly his case.

Pap. I'm sure it is yours.

O. Wild. Well; Sir, I suppose we shall see you this evening.

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. The marquis has an appointment with some of his countrymen, which I have promis'd to attend; besides, Sir, as he is an entire stranger in town, he may want my little services.

O. Wild. Where can I see you in about an hour? I have a short visit to make, in which you are deeply concern'd.

Y. Wild. I shall attend your commands; but where?

O. Wild. Why here. Marquis, I am your obedient servant.

Pap. Votre serviteur tres humble.

[Exit Old Wilding.]

Y. Wild. So, Papillion; that difficulty is dispatch'd. I think I am even with Sir James for his tattling.

Pap. Most ingeniously manag'd: But are not you afraid of the consequence?

Y. Wild. I don't comprehend you.

Pap. A future explanation between the parties.

Y. Wild. That may embarrass: but the day is distant. I warrant I will bring myself off.

Pap. It is in vain for me to advise.

Y. Wild. Why, to say truth, I do begin to find my system attended with danger: Give me your hand, Papillion—I will reform.

Pap. Ah, Sir!

Y. Wild. I positively will: Why this practice may in time destroy my credit.

Pap. That is pretty well done already. [Aside.] Ay, think of that, Sir.

Y. Wild. Well, if I don't turn out the meerest dull matter of fact fellow——But, Papillion, I must scribble a billet to my new flame. I think her name is——

E

Pap.

Pap. Godfrey ; her father, an India governor shut up in the strong room at Calcutta, left her all his wealth : she lives near Miss Grantam, by Grosvenor-square.

Y. Wild. A governor !—oh ho !—Bushels of rupees, and pecks of pagodas, I reckon.—Well, I long to be rummaging.—But the old gentleman will soon return : I will hasten to finish my letter.—But, Papillion, what could my father mean by a visit in which I am deeply concern'd ?

Pap. I can't guess.

Y. Wild. I shall know presently.—To Miss Godfrey, formerly of Calcutta, now residing in Grosvenor-square.—Papillion, I won't tell her a word of a lye.

Pap. You won't, sir ?

Y. Wild. No ; it would be ungenerous to deceive a lady. No ; I will be open, candid, and sincere.

Pap. And if you are, it will be the first time.
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Miss GRANTAM and Miss GODFREY.

M. God. And you really like this gallant spark ?

M. Gr. Prodigiously. Oh, I'm quite in love with his assurance ! I wonder who he is : he can't have been long in town : a young fellow of his easy impudence must have soon made his way to the best of company.

M. God. By way of amusement he may prove no disagreeable acquaintance ; but you can't, surely, have any serious designs upon him.

M. Gr. Indeed but I have.

M. God.

M. God. And poor Sir James Elliot is to be discarded at once?

M. Gr. Oh, no.

M. God. What is your intention in regard to him?

M. Gr. Hey?—I can't tell you. Perhaps, if I don't like this new man better, I may marry him.

M. God. Thou art a strange giddy girl.

M. Gr. Quite the reverse; a perfect pattern of prudence: why, would you have me less careful of my person than my purse?

M. God. My dear!

M. Gr. Why I say, child, my fortune being in money, I have some in India-bonds, some in the Bank, some on this loan, some on the other; so that if one fund fails, I have a sure resource in the rest.

M. God. Very true.

M. Gr. Well, my dear, just so I manage my love-affairs: if I should not like this man—if he should not like me—if we should quarrel—if, if—or in short, if any of the ifs should happen, which you know break engagements every day, why by this means I shall be never at a loss.

M. God. Quite provident. Well, and pray on how many different securities have you at present plac'd out your love?

M. Gr. Three: the sober Sir James Elliot, the new America-man and this morning I expect a formal proposal from an old friend of my father.

M. God. Mr. Wilding.

M. Gr. Yes; but I don't reckon much upon him: for you know, my dear, what can I do with an awkward, raw, college cub? Though,

upon second thoughts, that may'nt be too bad neither; for as I must have the fashioning of him, he may be easily moulded to one's mind.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Mr. Wilding, Madam.

M. Gr. Shew him in. [*Exit Servant.*] You need not go, my dear; we have no particular business.

M. God. I wonder now what she calls particular business.

Enter OLD WILDING.

O. Wild. Ladies, your servant. I wait upon you, Madam, with a request from my son, that he may be permitted the honour of kissing your hand

M. Gr. Your son is in town then?

O. Wild. He came last night, Ma'am; and though but just from the university I think I may venture to affirm, with as little the air of a pedant as——

M. Gr. I don't, Mr. Wilding, question the accomplishments of your son; and shall own too, that his being descended from the old friend of my father, is to me the strongest recommendation.

O. Wild. You honour me, Madam.

M. Gr. But, Sir, I have something to say—

O. Wild. Pray, Madam, speak out; it is impossible to be too explicit on these important occasions.

M. Gr. Why then, Sir, to a man of your wisdom and experience I need not observe, that the loss of a parent to counsel and direct at this solemn

lemn crisis, has made a greater degree of personal prudence necessary in me.

O. Wild. Perfectly right, Ma'am.

M. Gr. We live, Sir, in a very censorious world: a young woman can't be too much upon her guard; nor should I chuse to admit any man in the quality of a lover; if there was not at least a strong probability——

O. Wild. Of a more intimate connection. I hope, Madam, you have heard nothing to the disadvantage of my son.

M. Gr. Not a syllable: but you know, Sir, there are such things in nature as unaccountable antipathies, aversions, that we take at first sight: I should be glad there could be no danger of that.

O. Wild. I understand you, Madam; you shall have all the satisfaction imaginable: Jack is to meet me immediately; I will conduct him under your window; and if his figure has the misfortune to displease, I will take care his addresses shall never offend you. Your most obedient servant. [Exit.

M. Gr. Now there is a polite, sensible, old father for you.

M. God. Yes; and a very discreet, prudent daughter he is likely to have. Oh, you are a great hypocrite, Kitty.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. A letter for you, Madam. [To Miss Godfrey.] Sir James Elliot to wait on your ladyship. [To Miss Grantam.] Exit.

M. Gr. Lord, I hope he won't stay long here. He comes, and seems entirely wrapt up in the dismal: what can be the matter now?

Enter

Enter Sir JAMES ELLIOT.

Sir Ja. In passing by your door, I took the liberty, Ma'am, of enquiring after your health.

M. Gr. Very obliging. I hope, Sir, you receiv'd a favourable account.

Sir Ja. I did not know but you might have caught cold last night.

M. Gr. Cold! why Sir, I hope I did not sleep with my bed-chamber window open.

Sir Ja. Ma'am!

M. Gr. Sir!

Sir Ja. No, Ma'am; but it was rather hazardous to stay so late upon the water.

M. Gr. Upon the water!

Sir Ja. Not but the variety of amusements, it must be own'd, were a sufficient temptation.

M. Gr. What can he be driving at now!

Sir Ja. And pray, Madam, what think you of Young Wilding? is not he a gay, agreeable, sprightly—

M. Gr. I never give my opinion of people I don't know.

Sir Ja. You don't know him!

M. Gr. No.

Sir Ja. And his father I did not meet at your door!

M. Gr. Most likely you did.

Sir Ja. I am glad you own that, however: But, for the son, you never—

M. Gr. Set eyes upon him.

Sir Ja. Really?

M. Gr. Really.

Sir Ja. Finely supported. Now, Madam, do you know that one of us is just going to make a very ridiculous figure?

M. Gr.

M. Gr. Sir, I never had the least doubt of your talents for excelling in that way.

Sir Ja. Ma'am, you do me honour: but it does not happen to fall to my lot upon this occasion, however.

M. Gr. And that is a wonder! —What, then I am to be the fool of the comedy, I suppose.

Sir Ja. Admirably rally'd! But I shall dash the spirit of that triumphant laugh.

M. Gr. I dare the attack. Come on, Sir.

Sir Ja. Know then, and blush, if you are not as lost to shame as dead to decency, that I am no stranger to all last night's transactions.

M. Gr. Indeed!

Sir Ja. From your first entering the barge at Somerset-house, to your last landing at White-hall.

M. Gr. Surprising!

Sir Ja. Cupids, collations, feasts, fireworks, all have reach'd me.

M. Gr. Why you must deal in magic.

Sir Ja. My intelligence is as natural as it is infallible.

M. God. May I be indulg'd with the name of your informer?

Sir Ja. Freely, Madam. Only the very individual spark to whose folly you were indebted for this gallant profusion.

M. Gr. But his name?

Sir Ja. Young Wilding.

M. Gr. You had this story from him?

Sir Ja. I had.

M. Gr. From Wilding!—That is amazing.

Sir Ja. Oh ho! what you are confounded at last; and no evasion, no subterfuge, no——

M. Gr. Lookye, Sir James; what you can mean by this strange story, and very extraordinary

nary behaviour, it is impossible for me to conceive; but if it is meant, as an artifice to palliate your infidelity to me, less pains would have answer'd your purpose.

Sir Ja. Oh, Madam, I know you are provided.

M. Gr. Matchless insolence! As you can't expect that I should be prodigiously pleas'd with the subject of this visit, you won't be surpriz'd at my wishing it as short as possible.

Sir Ja. I don't wonder you feel pain at my presence; but you may rest secure: you will have no interruption for me; and I really think it would be pity to part two people so exactly form'd for each other. Your ladyship's servant. [*Going.*] But, Madam, though your sex secures you from any farther resentment, yet the present object of your favour may have something to fear. [*Exit.*]

M. Gr. Very well. Now, my dear, I hope you will acknowledge the prudence of my plan. To what a pretty condition I must have been reduc'd if my hopes had rested upon one lover alone!

M. God. But are you sure that your method to multiply, may not be the means to reduce the number of your slaves?

M. Gr. Impossible!—Why, can't you discern that this sham of Sir James Elliot's is a mere fetch to favour his retreat?

M. God. And you never saw Wilding?

M. Gr. Never.

M. God. There is some mystery in this. I have too here in my hand another mortification that you must endure.

M. Gr. Of what kind?

M. God.

insufferable in a young woman as self-conceit and vanity.

M. God. You are most prodigiously obliging.

M. Gr. I'll follow you, Miss. [*Exit Miss Godfrey.*] Pert thing!—She grows immoderately ugly: I always thought her awkward, but she is now an absolute fright.

M. God. [*within.*] Miss, Miss Grantam, your hero's at hand.

M. Gr. I come.

M. God. As I live, the very individual stranger.

M. Gr. No sure!—Oh Lord, let me have a peep.

M. God. It is he, it is he, it is he.

Enter OLD WILDING, YOUNG WILDING, and PAPILLION.

O. Wild. There, Marquis, you must pardon me; for though Paris be more compact, yet surely London covers a much greater quantity, —Oh, Jack, look at that corner house; how d'ye like it?

Y. Wild. Very well: but I don't see any thing extraordinary.

O. Wild. I wish though you were the master of what it contains.

Y. Wild. What may that be, Sir?

O. Wild. The mistress, you rogue you: a fine girl, and an immense fortune; ay, and a prudent sensible wench into the bargain.

Y. Wild. Time enough yet, Sir.

O. Wild. I don't see that: You are, lad, the last of our race, and I should be glad to see some probability of its continuance.

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. Suppose, Sir, you were to repeat your endeavours; you have cordially my consent.

O. Wild. No; rather too late in life for that experiment.

Y. Wild. Why, Sir, would you recommend a condition to me, that you disapprove of yourself.

O. Wild. Why, Sirrah, I have done my duty to the public and my family by producing you: now, Sir, it is incumbent on you to discharge your debt.

Y. Wild. In the college cant, I shall beg leave to tick a little longer.

O. Wild. Why then, to be serious, son, this is the very business I wanted to talk with you about. In a word, I wish you married; and by providing the lady of that mansion for the purpose, I have prov'd myself both a father and a friend.

Y. Wild. Far be it from me to question your care; yet some preparation for so important a change—

O. Wild. Oh, I will allow you a week.

Y. Wild. A little more knowledge of the world.

O. Wild. That you may study at leisure.

Y. Wild. Now all Europe is in arms, my design was to serve my country abroad.

O. Wild. You will be full as useful to it by recruiting her subjects at home.

Y. Wild. You are then resolv'd.

O. Wild. Fix'd.

Y. Wild. Positively?

O. Wild. Peremptorily.

Y. Wild. No prayers—

O. Wild. Can move me.

Y. Wild. How the deuce shall I get out of this toil. [*Aside.*] But suppose, Sir, there should be an unfurmoutable objection?

O. Wild. Oh, leave the reconciling that to me ; I am an excellent casuist.

Y. Wild. But I say, Sir, if it should be impossible to obey your commands ?

O. Wild. Impossible !—I don't understand you.

Y. Wild. Oh, Sir!—But, on my knees, first let me crave your pardon.

O. Wild. Pardon ! for what ?

Y. Wild. I fear I have lost all title to your future favour.

O. Wild. Which way ?

Y. Wild. I have done a deed——

O. Wild. Let us hear it.

Y. Wild. At Abington, in the county of Berks.

O. Wild. Well ?

Y. Wild. I am——

O. Wild. What ?

Y. Wild. Already married.

O. Wild. Married !

Pap. Married !

Y. Wild. Married.

O. Wild. And without my consent ?

Y. Wild. Compell'd ; fatally forc'd. Oh, Sir, did you but know all the circumstances of my sad, sad story, your rage would soon convert itself to pity.

O. Wild. What an unlucky event !—But rise, and let me hear it all.

Y. Wild. The shame and confusion I now feel renders that task at present impossible : I must therefore rely for the relation on the good offices of this faithful friend.

Pap. Me, Sir, I never heard one word of the matter.

O. Wild. Come, Marquis, favour me with the particulars.

Pap.

Pap. Upon my vard, Sire, dis affair has so shock me, dat I am almost as incapable to tell de tale as your son.—[*To Young Wilding.*] Dry a your tears. What can I say, Sir?

Y. Wild. Any thing.—Oh! [*Seems to weep.*]

Pap. You see, Sire.

O. Wild. Your kind concern at the misfortunes of my family calls for the most grateful acknowledgment.

Pap. Dis is great misfortunes, sans doute.

O. Wild. But if you, a stranger, are thus affected, what must a father feel?

Pap. Oh, beaucoup, great deal more.

O. Wild. But since the evil is without a remedy, let us know the worst at once. Well, Sir, at Abington.

Pap. Yes, at Abington.

O. Wild. In the county of Berks.

Pap. Dat is right; in de county of Berks.

Y. Wild. Oh, oh!

O. Wild. Ah, Jack, Jack! are all my hopes then——Though I dread to ask, yet it must be known, who is the girl, pray, Sir?

Pap. De Girl, Sir—[*Aside to Young Wilding.*] Who shall I say?

Y. Wild. Any body.

Pap. For de girl, I can't say, upon my vard.

O. Wild. Her condition?

Pap. Pas grande condition; dat is to be sure. But dere is no help.—[*Aside to Young Wilding.*] Sir, I am quite aground.

O. Wild. Yes; I read my shame in his reserve: some artful huffy!

Pap. Dat may be. Vat you call huffy?

O. Wild. Or perhaps some common creature! But I'm prepar'd to hear the worst.

Pap.

Pap. Have you no mercy?

Y. Wild. I'll step to your relief, Sir.

Pap. O lord! a happy deliverance.

Y. Wild. Though it is almost death for me to speak, yet it would be infamous to let the reputation of the lady suffer by my silence: She is, Sir, of an ancient house, and unblemish'd character.

O. Wild. That is something.

Y. Wild. And though her fortune may not be equal to the warm wishes of a fond father, yet——

O. Wild. Her name.

Y. Wild. Miss Lydia Sybthorp.

O. Wild. Sybthorp.——I never heard of the name. But proceed.

Y. Wild. The latter end of last long vacation, I went with Sir James Elliot to pass a few days at a new purchase of his near Abington. There at an assembly it was my chance to meet and dance with this lady.

O. Wild. Is she handsome?

Y. Wild. Oh, Sir, more beautiful——

O. Wild. Nay, no raptures; but go on.

Y. Wild. But to her beauty she adds politeness, affability, and discretion; unless she forfeited that character by fixing her affection on me.

O. Wild. Modestly observ'd.

Y. Wild. I was deterr'd from a public declaration of my passion, dreading the scantiness of her fortune would prove an objection to you. Some private interviews she permitted.

O. Wild. Was that so decent?—But love and prudence, madness and reason!

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. One fatal evening, the twentieth of September, if I mistake not, we were in a retir'd room, innocently exchanging mutual vows, when her father, whom we expected to sup abroad, came suddenly upon us. I had just time to conceal myself in a closet.

O. Wild. What, unobserv'd by him?

Y. Wild. Entirely. But, as my ill stars would have it, a cat, of whom my wife is vastly fond, had a few days before lodg'd a litter of kittens in the same place: I unhappily trod upon one of the brood, which so provok'd the implacable mother, that she flew at me with the fury of a tiger.

O. Wild. I have observ'd those creatures very fierce in defence of their young.

Pap. I shall hate a cat as long as I live.

Y. Wild. The noise rous'd the old gentleman's attention: he open'd the door, and there discover'd your son.

Pap. Unlucky.

Y. Wild. I rush'd to the door; but fatally my foot slipt at the top of the stairs, and down I came tumbling to the bottom; the pistol in my hand went off by accident: this alarm'd her three brothers in the parlour, who, with all their servants, rush'd with united force upon me.

O. Wild. And so surpriz'd you?

Y. Wild. No, Sir; with my sword I for some time made a gallant defence, and should have inevitably escap'd, but a raw-bon'd, over-grown, clumsy cook-wench, struck at my sword with a kitchen poker, broke it in two, and compell'd me to surrender at discretion: the consequence of which is obvious enough.

O. Wild.

O. Wild. Natural. The lady's reputation, your condition, her beauty, your love, all combin'd to make marriage an unavoidable measure.

Y. Wild. May I hope then you rather think me unfortunate than culpable?

O. Wild. Why, your situation is a sufficient excuse: all I blame you for is the keeping it a secret from me. With Miss Grantam I shall make an awkward figure; but the best apology is the truth: I'll hasten and explain it to her all——Oh, Jack, Jack, this is a mortifying business.

Y. Wild. Most melancholy.

[*Exit Old Wilding.*

Pap. I am amaz'd, Sir, that you have so carefully conceal'd this transaction from me.

Y. Wild. Heyday! what do you believe it too!

Pap. Believe it! Why is not the story of the marriage true?

Y. Wild. Not a syllable.

Pap. And the cat, and the pistol, and the poker!

Y. Wild. All invention. And were you really taken in.

Pap. Lord, Sir, how was it possible to avoid it? Mercy on us! what a collection of circumstances have you crowded together!

Y. Wild. Genius; the meer effect of genius, Papillion. But to deceive you, who so thoroughly know me!

Pap. But to prevent that for the future, could you not just give your humble servant a hint, when you are bent upon bouncing. Besides, Sir, if you recollect your fix'd resolution to reform——

Y. Wild.

T H E L Y A R. 41

Y. Wild. Ay, as to matter of fancy, the mere sport and frolic of invention: but in case of necessity—why, Miss Godfrey was at stake, and I was forc'd to use all my finesse.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Two letters, Sir. [*Exit.*

Pap. There are two things in my conscience my master will never want: a prompt lie, and a ready excuse for telling of it.

Y. Wild. Hum! business begins to thicken upon us: a challenge from Sir James Elliot, and a rendezvous from the pretty Miss Godfrey. They shall both be observ'd, but in their order; therefore the lady first. Let me see—I have not been twenty hours in town, and I have already got a challenge, a mistress, and a wife; now if I can but get engag'd in a chancery-suit, I shall have my hands pretty full of employment. Come, Papillion, we have no time to be idle.

[*Exeunt.*

E N D of the S E C O N D A C T.

G

A C T



A C T III.

Miss GRANTAM and Miss GODFREY.

Miss Godfrey.

UPON my word, Miss Grantam, this is but an idle piece of curiosity: you know the man is already dispos'd of and therefore—

M. Gr. That is true, my dear; but there is in this affair some mystery that I must and will have explain'd.

M. God. Come, come, I know the grievance. You can't brook that this spark, though even a married man, should throw off his allegiance to you, and enter a volunteer in my service.

M. Gr. And so you take the fact for granted?

M. God. Have I not his letter?

M. Gr. Conceited creature!—I fancy, Miss, by your vast affection for this letter, it is the first of the kind you have ever receiv'd.

M. God. Nay, my dear, why should you be piqu'd at me? the fault is none of mine; I dropt no handkerchief; I threw out no lure; the bird came willingly to hand, you know.

M. Gr. Metaphorical too! what, you are setting up for a wit as well as a belle! why really, Madam, to do you justice, you have full as fine pretensions to one as the other.

M. God. I fancy, Madam, the world will not form their judgment of either from the report of a disappointed rival.

M. Gr.

M. Gr. Rival! admirably rally'd!—But, let me tell you, Madam, this sort of behaviour, Madam, at your own house, whatever may be your beauty, is no great proof of your breeding, Madam.

M. God. As to that, Ma'am, I hope I shall always shew a proper resentment to any insult that is offer'd me, let it be in whose house it will. The assignation, Ma'am, both time and place, was of your own contriving.

M. Gr. Mighty well, Ma'am!

M. God. But if, dreading a mortification, you think proper to alter your plan, your chair, I believe, is in waiting.

M. Gr. It is, Madam! then let it wait.—Oh, what that was your scheme! but it won't take, Miss: the contrivance is a little too shallow.

M. God. I don't understand you.

M. Gr. Cunning creature! So all this insolence was concerted, it seems; a plot to drive me out of the house, that you might have the fellow all to yourself: But I have a regard for your character, though you neglect it. Fie, Miss! a passion for a married man! I really blush for you.

M. God. And I most sincerely pity you. But curb your choler a little: the enquiry you are about to make requires rather a cooler disposition of mind; and by this time the hero is at hand.

M. Gr. Mighty well; I am prepar'd. But, Miss Godfrey, if you really wish to be acquitted of all artificial, underhand dealings, in this affair, suffer me in your name to manage the interview.

M. God. Most willingly. But he will recollect your voice.

M. Gr. Oh, that is easily alter'd. [*Enter a Maid, who whispers Miss Grantam, and exit.*] It is he; but hide yourself, Miss, if you please.

M. God. Your hood a little forwarder, Miss: you may be known, and then we shall have the language of politeness inflam'd to proofs of a violent passion.

M. Gr. You are prodigiously cautious.

Enter YOUNG WILDING.

Y. Wild. This rendezvous is something in the Spanish taste, imported, I suppose, with the guitar. At present, I presume, the custom is confin'd to the great; but it will descend, and in a couple of months I shall not be surpriz'd to hear an attorney's hackney-clerk rousing at midnight, a millener's prentice, with an "Ally, Ally Croker." But that, if I mistake not, is the temple; and see—my goddess herself. Miss Godfrey!

M. Gr. Hush.

Y. Wild. Am I right, Miss?

M. Gr. Softly. You receiv'd my letter, I see, Sir.

Y. Wild. And flew to the appointment with more——

M. Gr. No raptures, I beg. But you must not suppose this meeting meant to encourage your hopes.

Y. Wild. How, Madam!

M. Gr. Oh, by no means, Sir; for tho' I own your figure is pleasing, and your conversation——

M. God. Hold, Miss; when did I ever converse with him?

M. Gr. Why, did not you see him in the Park;

M. God.

M. God. True, Madam ; but the conversation was with you.

M. Gr. Bless me ! you are very difficult. I say, Sir, though your person may be unexceptionable, yet your character——

Y. Wild. My character !

M. Gr. Come, come, you are better known than you imagine.

Y. Wild. I hope not.

M. Gr. Your name is Wilding.

Y. Wild. How the deuce came she by that ! True, Madam.

M. Gr. Pray have you never heard of a Miss Grantam ?

Y. Wild. Frequently.

M. Gr. You have. And had you never any favourable thoughts of that lady ? Now mind, Miss.

Y. Wild. If you mean as a lover, never. The lady did me the honour to have a small design upon me.

M. God. I hear every word, Miss.

M. Gr. But you need not lean so heavy upon me ; he speaks loud enough to be heard.——I have been told, Sir, that——

Y. Wild. Yes, Ma'am, and very possibly by the lady herself.

M. Gr. Sir !

Y. Wild. Oh, madam, I have another obligation in my pocket to Miss Grantam, which must be discharg'd in the morning.

M. Gr. Of what kind ?

Y. Wild. Why the lady, finding an old humble servant of hers a little lethargic, has thought fit to administer me in a jealous draught, in order to quicken his passion.

M. Gr. Sir, let me tell you——

M. God.

M. God. Have a care ; you will betray yourself.

T. Wild. Oh, the whole story will afford you infinite-diversion : such a farago of fights and feasts. But, upon my honour, the girl has a fertile invention.

M. God. So ! what that story was yours, was it ?

T. Wild. Pray, Madam, don't I hear another voice ?

M. Gr. A distant relation of mine.—Every syllable false.—But, Sir, we have another charge against you. Do you know any thing of a lady at Abington ?

T. Wild. Miss Grantam again. Yes, Madam, I have some knowledge of that lady.

M. Gr. You have ! Well, Sir, and that being the case, how could you have the assurance—

T. Wild. A moment's patience, Ma'am. That lady, that Berkshire lady, will, I can assure you, prove no bar to my hopes.

M. Gr. How, Sir, no bar ?

T. Wild. Not in the least, Ma'am ; for that lady exists in idea only.

M. Gr. No such person !

T. Wild. A meer creature of the imagination.

M. Gr. Indeed ?

T. Wild. The attacks of Miss Grantam were so powerfully enforc'd too by paternal authority, that I had no method of avoiding the blow, but by the sheltering myself under this conjugal shield.

M. Gr. You are not marry'd then ?—But what credit can I give to the professions of a man, who, in an article of such importance, and to a person of such respect—

T. Wild.

Y. Wild. Nay, Madam, surely Miss Godfrey should not accuse me of a crime her own charms have occasion'd. Could any other motive but the fear of losing her prevail on me to trifle with a father, or compel me to infringe those laws which I have hitherto so inviolably observ'd?

M. Gr. What laws, Sir?

Y. Wild. The sacred laws of truth, Ma'am.

M. Gr. There, indeed, you did yourself an infinite violence. But when the whole of the affair is discover'd, will it be so easy to get rid of Miss Grantam? the violence of her passion, and the old gentleman's obstinacy——

Y. Wild. Are nothing to a mind resolv'd.

M. Gr. Poor Miss Grantam!

Y. Wild. Do you know her, Madam?

M. Gr. I have heard of her: but you, Sir, I suppose, have been long on an intimate footing?

Y. Wild. Bred up together from children.

M. Gr. Brave!—Is she handsome?

Y. Wild. Her paint comes from Paris, and her femme de chambre is an excellent artist.

M. Gr. Very well!—Her shape?

Y. Wild. Pray, Madam, is not Curson esteem'd the best stay-maker for people inclin'd to be crooked?

M. Gr. But as to the qualities of her mind: for instance, her understanding?

Y. Wild. Uncultivated.

M. Gr. Her wit?

Y. Wild. Borrow'd.

M. Gr. Her taste?

Y. Wild. Trifling.

M. Gr. And her temper?

Y. Wild. Intolerable.

M. Gr.

M. Gr. A finish'd picture. But come, these are not your real thoughts; this is a sacrifice you think due to the vanity of our sex.

Y. Wild. My honest sentiments: and to convince you how thoroughly indifferent I am to that lady, I would, upon my veracity, as soon take a wife from the grand senior's seraglio.— Now, Ma'am, I hope you are satisfy'd.

M. Gr. And you would not scruple to acknowledge this before the lady's face?

Y. Wild. The first opportunity.

M. Gr. That I will take care to provide you. Dare you meet me at her house?

Y. Wild. When?

M. Gr. In half an hour.

Y. Wild. But won't a declaration of this sort appear odd at---a---

M. Gr. Come, no evasion; your conduct and character seem to me a little equivocal, and I must insist on this proof at least of—

Y. Wild. You shall have it.

M. Gr. In half an hour.

Y. Wild. This instant.

M. Gr. Be punctual.

Y. Wild. Or may I forfeit your favour.

M. Gr. Very well: till then, Sir, adieu.— Now I think I have my spark in the toil; and if the fellow has any feeling, if I don't make him smart for every article—Come, my dear, I shall stand in need of your aid. *[Exeunt.]*

Y. Wild. So! I am now, I think, arriv'd at a critical period. If I can but weather this point—But why should I doubt it? it is in the day of distress only that a great man displays his abilities. But I shall want Papillion: where can the puppy be?

Enter

Enter PAPILLION.

Y. Wild. So, Sir; where have you been rambling?

Pap. I did not suppose you would want——

Y. Wild. Want!—you are always out of the way: Here have I been forc'd to tell forty lies upon my own credit, and not a single soul to vouch for the truth of them.

Pap. Lord, Sir, you know——

Y. Wild. Don't plague me with your apologies: but it is lucky for you that I want your assistance. Come with me to Miss Grantam's.

Pap. On what occasion?

Y. Wild. An important one: but I'll prepare you as we walk.

Pap. Sir, I am really—I could wish you would be so good as to——

Y. Wild. What, desert your friend in the heat of battle! oh, you poltroon!

Pap. Sir, I would do any thing; but you know I have not talents.

Y. Wild. I do; and for my own sake shall not task them too high.

Pap. Now I suppose the hour is come when we shall pay for all.

Y. Wild. Why, what a dastardly, hen-hearted——But come, Papillion, this shall be your last campaign. Don't droop, man; confide in your leader, and remember, Sub auspice Teucro nil desperandum. [*Exeunt.*

H

SCENE

S C E N E a Room.

Enter a SERVANT, conducting in OLD WILDING.

Serv. My lady, Sir, will be at home immediately Sir James Elliot is in the next room, waiting her return.

O. Wild. Pray, honest friend, will you tell Sir James that I beg the favour of a word with him, [*Exit Servant.*] This unthinking boy! Half the purpose of my life has been to plan this scheme for his happiness, and in one heedless hour has he mangled all.

Enter Sir JAMES ELLIOT.

Sir, I ask your pardon; but upon so interesting a subject, I know you will excuse my intrusion. Pray, Sir, of what credit is the family of the Sybthorpes in Berkshire?

Sir Ja. Sir!

O. Wild. I don't mean as to property; that I am not so solicitous about; but as to their character: Do they live in reputation? are they respected in the neighbourhood?

Sir Ja. The family of the Sybthorpes!

O. Wild. Of the Sybthorpes.

Sir Ja. Really I don't know, Sir.

O. Wild. Not know!

Sir Ja. No; it is the very first time I ever heard of the name.

O. Wild. How steadily he denies it! well done, baronet! I find Jack's account was a just one. [*Aside.*] Pray, Sir James, recollect yourself.

Sir

Sir Ja. It will be to no purpose.

O. Wild. Come, Sir, your motive for this affected ignorance is a generous, but unnecessary proof of your friendship for my son : but I know the whole affair.

Sir Ja. What affair?

O. Wild. Jack's marriage.

Sir Ja. What Jack?

O. Wild. My son Jack.

Sir Ja. Is he marry'd?

O. Wild. Is he marry'd! why you know he is.

Sir Ja. Not I, upon my honour.

O. Wild. Nay, that is going a little too far : but, to remove all your scruples at once, he has own'd it himself.

Sir Ja. He has.

O. Wild. Ay, ay, to me. Every circumstance : Going to your new purchase at Abington—meeting Lydia Sybthorpe at an assembly—their private interviews—surpriz'd by the father—pistol—poker—and marriage; in short, every particular.

Sir Ja. And this account you had from your son?

O. Wild. From Jack ; not two hours ago.

Sir Ja. I wish you joy, Sir.

O. Wild. Not much of that, I believe.

Sir Ja. Why, Sir, does the marriage displease you?

O. Wild. Doubtless.

Sir Ja. Then I fancy you may make yourself easy.

O. Wild. Why so?

Sir Ja. You have got, Sir, the most prudent daughter-in-law in the British dominions.

O. Wild. I am happy to hear it.

Sir Ja. For though she mayn't have brought you much, I'm sure she'll not cost you a farthing.

O. Wild. Ay; exactly Jack's account.

Sir Ja. She'll be easily jointur'd.

O. Wild. Justice shall be done her.

Sir Ja. No provision necessary for younger children.

O. Wild. No Sir! why not?—I can tell you, if she answers your account, not the daughter of a duke——

Sir Ja. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

O. Wild. You are merry, Sir.

Sir Ja. What an unaccountable fellow!

O. Wild. Sir!

Sir Ja. I beg your pardon, Sir. But with regard to this marriage——

O. Wild. Well, Sir.

Sir Ja. I take the whole history to be neither more nor less than an absolute fable.

O. Wild. How, Sir!

Sir Ja. Even so.

O. Wild. Why, Sir, do you think my son would dare to impose upon me?

Sir Ja. Sir, he would dare to impose upon any body. Don't I know him?

O. Wild. What do you know?

Sir Ja. I know, Sir, that this narratives gain him more applause than credit; and that, whether from constitution or habit, there is no believing a syllable he says.

O. Wild. Oh, mighty well, Sir!—He wants to turn the tables upon Jack.—But it won't do; you are forestall'd; your novels won't pass upon me.

Sir Ja. Sir!

O. Wild. Nor is the character of my son to be blasted by the breath of a bouncer.

Sir

Sir Ja. What is this?

O. Wild. No, no, Mr. Mandeville, it won't do; you are as well known here as in your own county of Hereford.

Sir Ja. Mr. Wilding, but that I am sure this extravagant behaviour owes its rise to some impudent impositions of your son, your age would scarce prove your protection.

O. Wild. Nor, Sir, but that I know my boy equal to the defence of his own honour, should he want a protector in this arm, wither'd and impotent as you may think it.

Enter Miss GRANTAM.

M. Gr. Bless me, Gentlemen, what is the meaning of this?

Sir Ja. No more at present, Sir: I have another demand upon your son; we'll settle the whole together.

O. Wild. I am sure he will do you justice.

M. Gr. How, Sir James Elliot, I flatter'd myself that you had finish'd your visits here, Sir. Must I be the eternal object of your outrage? not only insulted in my own person, but in that of my friends! Pray, Sir, what right——

O. Wild. Madam, I ask your pardon; a disagreeable occasion brought me here: I come, Madam, to renounce all hopes of being nearer ally'd to you, my son unfortunately being marry'd already.

M. Gr. Marry'd!

Sir Ja. Yes, Madam, to a lady in the clouds; and because I have refus'd to acknowledge her family, this old gentleman has behav'd in a manner very inconsistent with his usual politeness.

O. Wild.

O. Wild. Sir, I thought this affair was to be reserv'd for another occasion; but you, it seems—

M. Gr. Oh, is that the business?—Why, I begin to be afraid that we are here a little in the wrong, Mr. Wilding.

O. Wild. Madam!

M. Gr. Your son has just confirm'd Sir James Elliot's opinion, at a conference under Miss Godfrey's window.

O. Wild. Is it possible?

M. Gr. Most true; and assign'd two most whimsical motives for the unaccountable tale.

O. Wild. What can they be?

M. Gr. An aversion for me, whom he has seen but once, and an affection for Miss Godfrey, whom I am almost sure he never saw in his life.

O. Wild. You amaze me.

M. Gr. Indeed, Mr. Wilding, your son is a most extraordinary youth; he has finely perplex'd us all. I think, Sir James, you have a small obligation to him.

Sir Ja. Which I shall take care to acknowledge the first opportunity.

O. Wild. You have my consent. An abandon'd profligate! was his father a proper subject for his—But I discard him.

M. Gr. Nay, now, Gentlemen, you are rather too warm: I can't think Mr. Wilding bad-hearted at the bottom. This is a levity—

O. Wild. How, Madam! a levity!

M. Gr. Take my word for it, no more; enflam'd into habit by the approbation of his juvenile friends. Will you submit his punishment to me? I think I have the means in my hands, both to satisfy your resentments, and accomplish his cure into the bargain.

Sir

Sir Jas. I have no quarrel to him, but for the ill offices he has done me with you.

M. Gr. D'ye hear, Mr. Wilding? I am afraid my union with Sir James must cement the general peace.

O. Wild. Madam, I submit to any—

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Mr Wilding to wait upon you, Madam.

[*Exit.*

M. Gr. He is punctual, I find. Come, good folks, you all act under my direction. You, Sir, will get from your son, by what means you think fit, the real truth of the Abington business. You must likewise seemingly consent to his marriage with Miss Godfrey, who I shrewdly suspect he has by some odd accident mistaken for me: The lady herself shall appear at your call. Come, Sir James, you will withdraw. I intend to produce another performer, who will want a little instruction. Kitty.

Enter KITTY.

Let John shew Mr. Wilding in to his father; then come to my dressing-room: I have a short scene to give you in study. [*Exit Kitty.*] The girl is lively, and, I warrant, will do her character justice. Come, Sir James. Nay, no ceremony; we must be as busy as bees. [*Exeunt.*

O. Wild. This strange boy!—But I must command my temper.

Y. Wild. [*speaking as he enters.*] People to speak with me! See what they want, Papillion.—My father here! that's unlucky enough.

O. Wild.

O. Wild. Ha, Jack! what brings you here?

Y. Wild. Why, Sir, I thought it my duty to wait upon Miss Grantam, in order to make her some apology for the late unfortunate——

O. Wild. Well now, that is prudently as well as politely done.

Y. Wild. I am happy to meet, Sir, with your approbation.

O. Wild. I have been thinking, Jack, about my daughter-in-law: as the affair is public, it is not decent to let her continue longer at her father's.

Y. Wild. Sir!

O. Wild. Would it not be right to send for her home?

Y. Wild. Doubtless, Sir.

O. Wild. I think so. Why then to-morrow my chariot shall fetch her.

Y. Wild. The devil it shall! [*Aside.*] Not quite so soon, if you please, Sir.

O. Wild. No! why not?

Y. Wild. The journey may be dangerous in her present condition.

O. Wild. What's the matter with her?

Y. Wild. She is big with child, Sir.

O. Wild. An audacious——Big with child! that is fortunate. But however, an easy carriage, and short stages, can't hurt her.

Y. Wild. Pardon me, Sir, I dare not trust her: she is six months gone.

O. Wild. Nay, then there may be danger indeed. But should not I write to her father, just to let him know that you have discovered the secret?

Y. Wild. By all means, Sir: it will make him extremely happy.

Y. Wild.

O. Wild. Why then I will instantly about it. Pray, how do you direct to him?

T. Wild. Abington, Berkshire,

O. Wild. True; but his address?

T. Wild. You need not trouble yourself, Sir: I shall write by this post to my wife, and will send your letter inclos'd.

O. Wild. Ay, ay, that will do. [*Going.*]

T. Wild. So, I have parry'd that thrust.

O. Wild. Tho', upon second thoughts, Jack, that will rather look too familiar for an introductory letter.

T. Wild. Sir!

O. Wild. And these country-gentlemen are so full of punctilios—No, I'll send him a letter apart; so give me his direction.

T. Wild. You have it, Sir.

O. Wild. Ay, but his name: I have been so hurry'd that I have entirely forgot it.

T. Wild. I am sure so have I. [*Aside.*] His name—his name, Sir—Hopkins.

O. Wild. Hopkins!

T. Wild. Yes, Sir.

O. Wild. That is not the same name that you gave me before. that, If I recollect, was either Sythorpe or Sybthorpe.

T. Wild. You are right, Sir; that is his paternal appellation; but the name of Hopkins he took for an estate of his mother's: so he is indiscriminately called Hopkins or Sybthorpe; and now I recollect I have his letter in my pocket—he signs himself Sybthorpe Hopkins.

O. Wild. There is no end of this: I must stop him at once. Harkye, Sir, I think you are call'd my son.

T. Wild. I hope, Sir, you have no reason to doubt it.

I

O. Wild.

O. Wild. And look upon yourself as a gentleman?

Y. Wild. In having the honour of descending from you.

O. Wild. And that you think a sufficient pretension?

Y. Wild. Sir—pray, Sir—

O. Wild. And by what means do you imagine your ancestors obtain'd that distinguishing title? By their pre-eminence in virtue, I suppose?

Y. Wild. Doubtless, Sir.

O. Wild. And has it never occur'd to you, that what was gain'd by honour might be lost by infamy?

Y. Wild. Perfectly, Sir.

O. Wild. Are you to learn what redress even the imputation of a lye demands, and that nothing less than the life of the adversary can extinguish the affront?

Y. Wild. Doubtless, Sir.

O. Wild. Then how dare you call yourself a gentleman? you, whose whole life has been one continued scene of fraud and falsity! And would nothing content you but making me a partner in your infamy? not satisfied with violating that great band of society, mutual confidence, the most sacred rights of nature must be invaded, and your father made the innocent instrument to circulate your abominable impositions!

Y. Wild. But, Sir!

O. Wild. Within this hour my life was near sacrific'd in defence of your fame: But perhaps that was your intention, and the story of your marriage merely calculated to send me out of the world, as a grateful return for my bringing you into it.

Y. Wild. For Heaven's sake, Sir!

O. Wild. What other motive?

Y. Wild. Hear me, I intreat you, Sir.

O. Wild.

O. Wild. To be again impos'd on! no, Jack, my eyes are open'd at last.

Y. Wild. By all that's sacred, Sir——

O. Wild. I am now deaf to your delusions.

Y. Wild. But hear me, Sir. I own the Abington business——

O. Wild. An absolute fiction?

Y. Wild. I do.

O. Wild. And how dare you——

Y. Wild. I crave but a moment's audience.

O. Wild. Go on.

Y. Wild. Previous to the communication of your intention for me, I accidentally met with a lady whose charms——

O. Wild. So! what, here's another marriage trumped out: but that is a stale device. And pray, Sir, what place does this lady inhabit? Come, come, go on; you have a fertile invention, and this is a fine opportunity. Well, Sir, and this charming lady, residing, I suppose, in Nubibus——

Y. Wild. No, Sir; in London.

O. Wild. Indeed!

Y. Wild. Nay more, and at this instant in this house.

O. Wild. And her name——

Y. Wild. Godfrey.

O. Wild. The friend of Miss Grantam?

Y. Wild. The very same, Sir.

O. Wild. Have you spoke to her?

Y. Wild. Parted from her not ten minutes ago; nay, am here by her appointment.

O. Wild. Has she favour'd your address?

Y. Wild. Time, Sir, and your approbation will, I hope.

O. Wild. Lookye, Sir; as there is some little probability in this story, I shall think it worth

farther enquiry. To be plain with you, I know Miss Godfrey ; am intimate with her family ; and though you deserve but little from me, I will endeavour to aid your intention. But if, in the progress of this affair, you practice any of your usual arts ; if I discover the least falshood, the least duplicity, remember you have lost a father.

Y. Wild. I shall submit without a murmur.

[*Exit Old Wilding.*

Enter PAPILLION.

Y. Wild. Well, Papillion.

Pap. Sir, here has been the devil to pay within.

Y. Wild. What's the matter ?

Pap. A whole legion of cooks, confectioners, musicians, waiters, and watermen.

Y. Wild. What do they want ?

Pap. You, Sir.

Y. Wild. Me !

Pap. Yes, Sir ; they have brought in their bills.

Y. Wild. Bills ! for what ?

Pap. For the entertainment you gave last night upon the water.

Y. Wild. That I gave !

Pap. Yes, Sir ; you remember the bill of fare : I am sure the very mention of it makes my mouth water.

Y. Wild. Prithee, are you mad ? There must be some mistake ; you know that I—

Pap. They have been vastly puzzled to find out your lodgings ; but Mr. Robinson meeting by accident with Sir James Elliot, he was kind enough to tell him where you liv'd. Here are the bills : Almack's, twelve dozen of claret, ditto Champagne, Frontiniac, sweetmeats, pine-apples : the whole amount is 372 l. 9 s. besides music and fireworks.

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. Come, Sir, this is no time for trifling.

Pap. Nay, Sir, they say they have gone full as low as they can afford; and they were in hopes, from the great satisfaction you express'd to Sir James Elliot, that you would throw them in an additional compliment.

Y. Wild. Harkye, Mr. Papillion, if you don't cease your impertinence, I shall pay you a compliment that you would gladly excuse.

Pap. Upon my faith, I relate but the mere matter of fact. You know, Sir, I am but bad at invention; tho' this incident I can't help thinking is the natural fruit of your happy one.

Y. Wild. But are you serious? is this possible?

Pap. Most certain. It was with difficulty I restrain'd their impatience; but however I have dispatch'd them to your lodgings, with a promise that you shall immediately meet them.

Y. Wild. Oh, there we shall soon rid our hands of the troop.—Now, Papillion, I have news for you. My father has got to the bottom of the whole Abington business.

Pap. The deuce!

Y. Wild. We parted this moment. Such a scene!

Pap. And what was the issue?

Y. Wild. Happy beyond my hopes. Not only an act of oblivion, but a promise to plead my cause with the fair.

Pap. With Miss Godfrey?

Y. Wild. Who else?—He is now with her in another room.

Pap. And there is no—you understand me—in all this?

Y. Wild. No, no; that is all over now—my reformation is fix'd.

Pap. As a weather-cock.

Y. Wild. Here comes my father.

Enter

Enter OLD WILDING.

O. Wild. Well, Sir, I find in this last article you have condescended to tell me the truth: the young lady is not averse to your union; but in order to fix so mutable a mind, I have drawn up a slight contract which you are both to sign.

Y. Wild. With transport.

O. Wild. I will introduce Miss Godfrey. [*Exit.*

Y. Wild. Did not I tell you, Papillion?

Pap. This is amazing, indeed.

Y. Wild. Am not I a happy fortunate?—But they come.

Enter OLD WILDING, and Miss GODFREY.

O. Wild. If, Madam, he has not the highest sense of the great honour you do him, I shall cease to regard him,——There, Sir, make your own acknowledgments to that lady.

Y. Wild. Sir!

O. Wild. This is more than you merit; but let your future behaviour testify your gratitude.

Y. Wild. Papillion! Madam! Sir!

O. Wild. What, is the puppy petrified! Why don't you go up to the lady?

Y. Wild. Up the lady!—That lady?

O. Wild. That lady!—To be sure. What other lady?—To Miss Godfrey!

Y. Wild. That lady Miss Godfrey!

O. Wild. What is all this?—Harkye, Sir: I see what you are at: But no trifling; I'll be no more the dupe of your double detestable—Recollect my last resolution: this instant your hand to the contract, or tremble at the consequence.

Y. Wild. Sir, that I hope is——might not I ——to be sure——

O. Wild.

O. Wild. No further evasions! There, Sir.

Y. Wild. Heigh ho! [*Signs it.*]

O. Wild. Very well. Now, Madam, your name, if you please.

Y. Wild. Papillion, do you know who she is?

Pap. That's a question, indeed! Don't you, Sir?

Y. Wild. Not I, as I hope to be sav'd.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. A young lady begs to speak with Mr. Wilding.

Y. Wild. With me!

M. God. A young lady with Mr. Wilding!

Serv. Seems distress'd, Madam; and extremely pressing for admittance.

M. God. Indeed! There may be something in this!—You must permit me, Sir, to pause a little: who knows but a prior claim may prevent—

O. Wild. How, Sir! who is this lady?

Y. Wild. It is impossible for me to divine, Sir.

O. Wild. You know nothing of her?

Y. Wild. How should I?

O. Wild. You hear, Madam.

M. God. I presume your son can have no objection to the lady's appearance.

Y. Wild. Not in the least, Madam.

M. God. Shew her in, John. [*Exit.*]

O. Wild. No, Madam, I don't think there is the least room for suspecting him; he ca'nt be so abandoned as to—But she is here. Upon my word, a mighty woman.

Enter KITTY, as Miss Sybthorpe.

Kitty. Where is he?—Oh, let me throw my arms—My life, my—

Y. Wild. Heyday!

Kitty.

Kitty. And could you leave me ? and for so long a space ? I think how the tedious time has lagg'd along.

Y. Wild. Madam !

Kitty. But we are met at last, and now will part no more.

Y. Wild. The deuce we won't !

Kitty. What, not one kind look, no tender word, to hail our second meeting !

Y. Wild. What the devil is all this ?

Kitty. Are all your oaths, your protestations, come to this ? have I deserv'd such treatment ? Quitted my father's house, left all my friends, and wander'd here alone in search of thee, thou first, last, only object of my love.

O. Wild. To what can all this tend ? Harkye, Sir, unriddle this mystery.

Y. Wild. Davus, non *Œdipus* sum. It is beyond me, I confess. Some lunatic escap'd from her keeper, I suppose.

Kitty. Am I disown'd then, contemn'd, slighted ?

O. Wild. Hold ; let me enquire into this matter a little. Pray, Madam——You seem to be pretty familiar here——Do you know this gentleman ?

Kitty. Too well.

O. Wild. His name ?

Kitty. Wilding.

O. Wild. So far she is right. Now yours, if you please ?

Kitty. Wilding.

Omnes. Wilding !

O. Wild. And how came you by that name pray ?

Kitty. Most lawfully, Sir : By the sacred band, the holy tie, that made us one.

O. Wild. What, marry'd to him !

Kitty. Most true.

Omnes.

Omnes. How!

Y. Wild. Sir, may I never——

O. Wild. Peace, Monster!——One question more: Your maiden name?

Kitty. Sybthorpe.

O. Wild. Lydia, from Abington in the county of Berks?

Kitty. The same.

O. Wild. As I suspected. So then the whole story is true, and the monster is marry'd at last.

Y. Wild. Me, Sir! By all that's——

O. Wild. Eternal dumbness seize thee, measureless liar!

Y. Wild. If not me, hear this gentleman.—Marquis——

Pap. Not I; I'll be drawn into none of your scrapes: it is a pit of your own digging, and so get out as well as you can. Mean time, I'll shift for myself. [Exit.

O. Wild. What evasion now, Monster?

M. God. Deceiver!

O. Wild. Liar!

M. God. Impostor!

Y. Wild. Why, this is a general combination to distract me: but I will be heard. Sir, you are grossly impos'd upon: the low contriver of this woman's shallow artifice I shall soon find means to discover; and as to you, Madam, with whom I have been suddenly surpriz'd into a contract, I most solemnly declare this is the first time I ever set eyes on you.

O. Wild. Amazing confidence! Did not I bring her at your own request?

Y. Wild. No.

M. God. Is not this your own letter?

Y. Wild. No.

Kitty. Am not I your wife?

K

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. No.

O. Wild. Did not you own it to me?

Y. Wild. Yes—that is—no, no.

Kitty. Hear me.

Y. Wild. No.

M. God. Answer me.

Y. Wild. No.

O. Wild. Have not I——

Y. Wild. No, no, no. Zounds, you are all mad,
and if I stay I shall catch the infection. [*Exit.*]

Enter Sir JAMES ELLIOT and Miss GRANTAM.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

M. Gr. Finely perform'd.

O. Wild. You have kept your promise, and I
thank you, Madam.

M. Gr. My medicine was somewhat rough,
Sir; but in desperate cases, you know——

O. Wild. If his cure is compleated, he will
gratefully acknowledge the cause; if not, the
punishment comes far short of his crimes. It is
needless to pay you any compliments, Sir James;
with that lady you can't fail to be happy. I
shan't venture to hint a scheme I have greatly at
heart, till we have undeniable proofs of the suc-
cess of our operations. To the ladies, indeed, no
character is so dangerous as that of a liar.

They in the fairest fames can fix a flaw,
And vanquish females whom they never saw.



EPILOGUE.

Between Miss GRANTAM and OLD WILDING.

By a Man of Fashion.

M. Gr. *H*OLD, Sir.

*Our plot concluded, and strict justice done,
Let me be heard as counsel for your son.*

Acquit I can't; I mean to mitigate:

*Proscribe all lying, what would be the fate
Of this and every other earthly state?* }

Consider, Sir, if once you cry it down,

You'll shut up ev'ry coffee-house in town:

The tribe of politicians will want food;

Ev'n now half-famish'd—for the public good.

All Grubstreet murderers of men and sense,

And every office of intelligence,

All would be bankrupts, the whole lying race,

And no Gazette to publish their disgrace.

O. Wild. *Too mild a sentence! must the good and
great*

Patriots be wrong'd, that booksellers may eat?

M. Gr. *Your patience, Sir; yet hear another word.*

Turn to that hall where justice wields her sword:

Think in what narrow limits you would draw,

By this proscription, all the sons of law:

For 'tis the fix'd, determin'd rule of courts,

Vyner will tell you, nay, ev'n Coke's Reports,

All pleaders may, when difficulties rise,

To gain one truth, expend a hundred lies.

O. Wild. *To curb this practice I am somewhat loath;*

A lawyer has no credit but an oath.

M. Gr.

EPILOGUE.

M. Gr. *Then to the softer sex some favour shew:
Leave no possession of our modest No!*

O. Wild. *Oh, freely, Ma'am, we'll that allowance
give,*

*So that two Noes be held affirmative.
Provided ever, that your pish and fie,
On all occasions, should be deem'd a lye.*

M. Gr. *Hard terms!*

*On this rejoinder then I rest my cause;
Should all pay homage to Truth's sacred laws,
Let us examine what would be the case:*

Why, many a great man would be out of place.

O. Wild. *'Twould many a virtuous character restore.*

M. Gr. *But take a character from many more.*

O. Wild. *Tho' on the side of bad the ballance fall,
Better to find few good, than fear for all.*

M. Gr. *Strong are your reasons; yet, ere I submit,
I mean to take the voices of the pit.*

Is it your pleasures that we make a rule,

That ev'ry liar be proclaim'd a fool,

Fit subjects for our author's ridicule?

}



FINIS.

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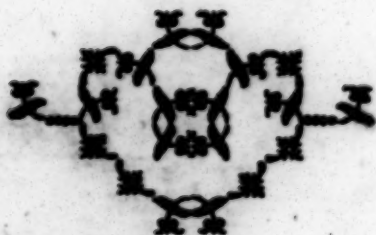
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In TWO ACTS.

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By SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

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Major STURGEON,	Mr. FOOTE.
JERRY SNEAK,	Mr. WESTON.
CRISPIN HEEL-TAP,	Mr. BRANSBY.
BRUIN,	Mr. MOODY.
LINT,	Mr. CASTLE.
ROGER,	Mr. CLOUGH.
SNUFFLE,	Mr. VAUGHAN.
MATTHEW MUG,	Mr. FOOTE.
FIRST MOB,	Mr. FOX.
SECOND MOB,	Mr. MAR.
THIRD MOB,	Mr. WATKINS.
FOURTH MOB,	Mr. STRANGE.

W O M E N.

Mrs. SNEAK,	Mrs. CLIVE.
Mrs. BRUIN,	Mrs. LEE.

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THE
MAYOR of GARRATT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *Sir JACOB's House at Garratt.*

Enter Sir JACOB.

Sir Jacob.



ROGER—

Enter Roger.

Rog. Anan, Sir—

Sir Jac. Sir, firrah! and why not Sir Jacob, you rascal? is that all your manners? Has his majesty dubb'd me a Knight for you to make me a Mister? Are the candidates near upon coming?

Rog. Nic Goose the taylor from Putney, they say, will be here in a crack, Sir Jacob.

B

Sir

Sir Jac. Has Margery fetch'd in the linen?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Are the pigs and the poultry lock'd up in the barn?

Rog. Safe, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. And the plate and spoons in the pantry?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Then give me the key; the mob will soon be upon us; and all is fish that comes to their net. Has Ralph laid the cloth in the hall?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Then let him bring out the turkey and chine, and be sure there is plenty of mustard; and, d'ye hear, Roger, do you stand yourself at the gate, and be careful who you let in.

Rog. I will, Sir Jacob. *[Exit Rog.]*

Sir Jac. So, now I believe things are pretty secure: But I can't think what makes my daughters so late, ere they —

[Knocking at the Gate.]

Who is that, Roger?

Rog. without. Master Lint, the potter-carrier, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Let him in. What the deuce can he want?

Enter

Enter Lint.

Sir Jac. Well, master Lint, your will?

Lint. Why, I come, Sir Jacob, partly to enquire after your health; and partly, as I may say, to settle the business of the day.

Sir Jac. What business?

Lint. Your worship knoweth, this being the day of election, the rabble may be riotous; in which case, maims, bruises, contusions, dislocations, fractures, simple and compound, may likely ensue; now your worship need not be told, that I am not only a pharmacopolist, or vender of drugs; but likewise-chirurgeon, or healer of wounds.

Sir Jac. True, master Lint, and equally skilful in both.

Lint. It is your worship's pleasure to say so, Sir Jacob: Is it your worship's will that I lend a ministring hand to the maim'd?

Sir Jac. By all means.

Lint. And to whom must I bring in my bill?

Sir Jac. Doubtless, the vestry.

Lint. Your worship knows, that kill or cure, I have contracted to phyfic the parish-poor by the great: But this must be a separate charge.

Sir Jac. No, no; all under one; come, master Lint, don't be unreasonable.

Lint. Indeed, Sir Jacob, I can hardly afford it. What with the dearness of drugs, and the number of patients the peace has procured me, I can't get salt to my porridge.

Sir Jac. Bad this year, the better the next — We must take things rough and smooth as they run.

Lint. Indeed, I have a very hard bargain.

Sir Jac. No such matter; we are, neighbour Lint, a little better instructed. Formerly indeed, a fit of illness was very expensive; but now, physic is cheaper than food.

Lint. Marry, heaven forbid.

Sir Jac. No, no, your essences, elixirs, emetics, sweats, drops, and your pastes, and your pills, have silenced your pestles and mortars. Why a fever, that would formerly have cost you a fortune, you may now cure for twelve pennorth of powder.

Lint. Or kill, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. And then as to your scurvys, and gouts, rheumatisms, consumptions, coughs and catarrhs, tar-water and turpentine will make you as sound as a roach.

Lint. Nostrums.

Sir Jac. Specifics, specifics, master Lint.

Lint. I am very sorry to find a man of your worship's — Sir Jacob, a promoter
of

OF GARRATT. 5

of puffs ; an encourager of quacks, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Regulars, Lint, regulars ; look at their names — Roger, bring me the News — not a soul of them but is either P. L. or M. D.

Lint. Plaguy liars ! Murderous dogs !

Roger brings the News.

Sir Jac. Liars ! Here, look at the list of their cures. The oath of Margery Squab, of Ratcliff-Highway, spinster.

Lint. Perjuries.

Sir Jac. And see here, the churchwardens have signed it.

Lint. Fictitious, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Sworn before the worshipful Mr. Justice Drowsy, this thirteenth day of —

Lint. Forgery.

Sir Jac. Why, hark'ye, firrah, do you think Mr. Justice Drowsy would set his hand to a forgery ?

Lint. I know, Sir Jacob, that woman ; she has been cured of fifty diseases in a fortnight, and every one of 'em mortal.

Sir Jac. You impudent —

Lint. Of a dropsy, by West —

Sir Jac. Audacious —

Lint. A cancer, by Cleland.

Sir.

Sir Jac. Arrogant —

Lint. A palsy, by Walker —

Sir Jac. Impertinent —

Lint. Gout and sciatic, by Rock —

Sir Jac. Insolent —

Lint. Consumption, by Stevens's drops —

Sir Jac. Paltry —

Lint. And squinting, by the Chevalier Taylor. —

Sir Jac. Pill-gilding puppy.

Lint. And as to the Justice, so the affidavit brings him a shilling —

Sir Jac. Why, hark'ye, rascal, how dare you abuse the commission? — You blood-letting, tooth-drawing, corn-cutting, worm-killing, blistering, glistening —

Lint. Bless me, Sir Jacob, I did not think to —

Sir Jac. What, firrah, do you insult me in my office? Here, Roger, out with him — Turn him out.

Lint. Sir, as I hope to be —

Sir. Jacob. Away with him. You scoundrel, if my clerk was within, I'd send you this instant to Bridewell. Things are come to a pretty pass, indeed, if after all my reading in Wood and Nelson and Burn; if after twenty years attendance at turnpike-meetings, sessions, petty and quarter; if after settling of rates, licencing ale-houses, and committing of vagrants — But all respect to
authority

OF GARRATT. 7

authority is lost, and *Unus Quorum* now a-days, is no more regarded than a petty constable. [*Knocking.*] Roger, see who is at the gate? Why the fellow is deaf.

Rog. Justice Sturgeon, the fishmonger, from Brentford.

Sir Jac. Gad's my life! and Major to the Middlesex militia. Usher him in, Roger.

Enter Major Sturgeon.

Sir Jac. I could have wish'd you had come a little sooner, Major Sturgeon.

Major. Why, what has been the matter, Sir Jacob?

Sir Jacob. There has, Major, been here an impudent pill-monger, who has dar'd to scandalize the whole body of the bench.

Major. Insolent companion! had I been here, I would have mittimus'd the rascal at once.

Sir Jacob. No, no, he wanted the Major more than the magistrate; a few smart strokes from your cane would have fully answer'd the purpose.—Well, Major, our wars are done; the rattling drum, and squeaking fife, now wound our ears no more.

Major. True, Sir Jacob, our corps is disembodied, so the French may sleep in security.

Sir

8 THE MAYOR

Sir Jac. But, Major, was it not rather late in life for you to enter upon the profession of arms?

Major. A little awkward in the beginning, Sir Jacob: The great difficulty they had was, to get me to turn out my toes; but use, use reconciles all them kind of things: Why, after my first campaign, I no more minded the noise of the guns than a flea-bite.

Sir Jac. No!

Major. No. There is more made of these matters than they merit. For the general good indeed, I am glad of the peace; but as to my single self — And yet, we have had some desperate duty, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. No doubt.

Major. Oh! such marchings and counter-marchings from Brentford to Elin, from Elin to Acton, from Acton to Uxbridge: The dust flying, sun scorching, men sweating — Why, there was our last expedition to Hounslow, that day's work carried off Major Molossas. Bunhill-fields never saw a braver commander. He was an irreparable loss to the service.

Sir Jac. How came that about?

Major. Why, it was partly the Major's own fault; I advised him to pull off his spurs before he went upon action; but he was resolute, and would not be rul'd.

Sir

Sir Jac. Spirit; zeal for the service.

Major. Doubtless—But to proceed; In order to get our men in good spirits, we were quarter'd at Thistleworth the evening before; at day-break, our regiment form'd at Hounslow town's-end, as it might be about here. The Major made a fine disposition: On we marched, the Men all in high spirits, to attack the gibbet where Gardel is hanging; but turning down a narrow lane to the left, as it might be about there, in order to possess a pig's-stye, that we might take the gallows in flank, and, at all events, secure a retreat; who should come by but a drove of fat oxen for Smithfield. The drums beat in the front, the dogs bark'd in the rear, the oxen set up a gallop; on they came thundering upon us; broke through our ranks in an instant, and threw the whole corps in confusion.

Sir Jac. Terrible!

Major. The Major's horse took to his heels; away he scour'd over the heath. That gallant commander stuck both his spurs into the flank, and for some time held by his mane; but in crossing a ditch, the horse threw up his head, gave the Major a dowse in the chops, and plump'd him into a gravel-pit, just by the powder-mills.

Sir Jac. Dreadful!

C

Major.

Major. Whether from the fall or the fright, the Major mov'd off in a month — Indeed it was an unfortunate day for us all.

Sir. Jac. As how?

Major. Why, as Captain Cucumber, Lieutenant Patty-Pan, Ensign Tripe, and myself, were returning to town in the Turnham-Green stage, we were stopp'd near the Hammersmith turnpike, and robb'd and stripp'd by a footpad.

Sir. Jac. An unfortunate day indeed.

Major. But in some measure to make me amends, I got the Major's commission.

Sir Jac. You did.

Major. O yes. I was the only one of the corps that could ride; otherwise, we always succeeded of course: No jumping over heads; no underhand work among us; all men of honour; and I must do the regiment the justice to say, there never was a set of more amiable officers.

Sir Jac. Quiet and peaceable.

Major. As lambs, Sir Jacob. Excepting one boxing-bout at the Three-Compasses in Acton, between Captain Sheers and the Colonel, concerning a game at All-fours, I don't remember a single dispute.

Sir Jac. Why, that was mere mutiny; the Captain ought to have been broke.

Major. He was; for the Colonel not only took away his cockade, but his custom;
and

and I don't think poor Captain Sheers has done a stitch for him since.

Sir Jac. But you soon supplied the loss of Molossas?

Major. In part only; no, Sir Jacob, he had great experience; he was train'd up to arms from his youth: At sixteen he trail'd a pike in the Artillery-ground; at eighteen got a company in the Smithfield pioneers; and by the time he was twenty, was made aid-de-camp to Sir Jeffery Grub, Knight, Alderman, and Colonel of the Yellow.

Sir Jac. A rapid rise!

Major. Yes, he had a genius for war; but what I wanted in practice, I made up by doubling my diligence. Our porter at home had been a serjeant of marines; so after shop was shut up at night, he us'd to teach me my exercise; and he had not to deal with a dunce, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Your progress was great.

Major. Amazing. In a week I could shoulder, and rest, and poize, and turn to the right, and wheel to the left; and in less than a month, I could fire without winking or blinking.

Sir Jac. A perfect Hannibal!

Major. Ah, and then I learnt to form lines, and hollows, and squares, and evolutions, and revolutions; let me tell you, Sir Jacob, it was lucky that Monsieur kept his

mirmidons at home, or we should have pepper'd his flat-bottom'd boats.

Sir Jac. Ay, marry, he had a marvellous escape.

Major. We would a taught him what a Briton can do, who is fighting *pro arvis* and *focus*.

Sir Jac. Pray now, Major, which do you look upon as the best disciplin'd troops, the London regiments, or the Middlesex militia?

Major. Why, Sir Jacob, it does not become me to say; but lack-a-day, they have never seen any service — Holiday soldiers! Why, I don't believe, unless indeed upon a lord-mayor's day, and that mere matter of accident, that they were ever wet to the skin in their lives.

Sir Jac. Indeed!

Major. No! soldiers for sun-shine, Cockneys; they have not the appearance, the air, the freedom, the *Jenny sequi* that — Oh, could you but see me salute: You have never a spontoon in the house?

Sir Jac. No; but we could get you a shove-pike.

Major. No matter. Well, Sir Jacob, and how are your fair daughters, sweet Mrs. Sneak, and the lovely Mrs. Bruin; is she as lively and as brilliant as ever?

Sir Jac. Oh, oh, now the murder is out; this visit was intended for them; come, own now,

now, Major, did not you expect to meet with them here? You officers are men of such gallantry!

Major. Why, we do tickle up the ladies, Sir Jacob; there is no resisting a red coat.

Sir Jac. True, true, Major.

Major. But that is now all over with me. "Farewel to the plumed steeds and neighbouring troops," as the black man says in the play; like the Roman censor, I shall retire to my saviour field, and there cultivate cabbages.

Sir Jac. Under the shade of your laurels.

Major. True, I have done with the Major, and now return to the magistrate; *Cedunt Arma Togge.*

Sir Jac. Still in the service of your country.

Major. True; man was not made for himself; and so, thinking that this would prove a busy day in the justicing way, I am come, Sir Jacob, to lend you a hand.

Sir Jac. Done like a neighbour.

Major. I have brought, as I suppose most of our business will be in the battery way, some warrants and mittimus ready fill'd up, with all but the names of the parties, in order to save time.

Sir Jac. A provident magistrate.

Major. Pray, how shall we manage as to the article of swearing; for I reckon we shall have oaths as plenty as hops.

Sir

Sir Jac. Why, with regard to that branch of our business, to-day, I believe, the law must be suffer'd to sleep.

Major. I should think we might pick up something that's pretty that way.

Sir Jac. No, poor rascals, they would not be able to pay; and as to the stocks, we should never find room for their legs.

Major. Pray, Sir Jacob, is Matthew Marrow-bone the butcher of your town, living or dead?

Sir Jac. Living.

Major. And swears as much as he used?

Sir Jac. An alter'd man, Major; not an oath comes out of his mouth.

Major. You surprize me; why, when he frequented our town of a market-day, he has taken out a guinea in oaths—and quite chang'd?

Sir Jac. Entirely; they say his wife has made him a Methodist, and that he preaches at Kennington-Common.

Major. What a deal of mischief those rascals do in the country—Why then we have entirely lost him?

Sir Jac. In that way; but I got a brace of bind-overs from him last week for a couple of bastards.

Major. Well done, master Matthew—but pray now, Sir Jacob—

[*Mob without, huzza!*]

Sir Jac. What's the matter now, Roger?

Enter

Enter Roger.

Rog. The electors desire to know, if your worship has any body to recommend?

Sir Jac. By no means; let them be free in their choice: I shan't interfere.

Rog. And if your worship has any objection to Crispin Heel-tap, the Cobler's being returning officer?

Sir Jac. None, provided the rascal can keep himself sober: Is he there?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob: Make way there; stand farther off from the gate: Here is Madam Sneak in a chair, along with her husband.

Major. Gad's so, you will permit me to convey her in? *[Exit Major.]*

Sir Jac. Now here is one of the evils of war. This Surgeon was as pains-taking a Billingsgate-broker, as any in the bills of mortality. But the fish is got out of his element; the soldier has quite demolish'd the citizen.

Enter Mrs. Sneak, handed by the Major.

Mrs. Sneak. Dear Major, I demand a million of pardons. I have given you a profusion of trouble; but my husband is such a goose-cap, that I can't get no good out of him at home or abroad. — Jerry, Jerry Sneak — Your blessing, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Daughter, you are welcome to Garratt.

Mrs. Sneak. Why, Jerry Sneak, I say.

Enter Sneak, with a band-box, a hoop-petticoat under his arm, and cardinal, &c, &c. &c.

Sneak. Here, lovy.

Mrs. Sneak. Here, looby: there, lay these things in the hall; and then go and look after the horse: Are you sure you have got all the things out of the chaise?

Sneak. Yes, chuck.

Mrs. Sneak. Then give me my fan.

[Jerry drops the things in searching his pocket for the Fan.]

Mrs. Sneak. Did ever mortal see such a—I declare, I am quite asham'd to be seen with him abroad: Go, get you gone out of my sight.

Sneak. I go, lovy: Good day to my father-in-law.

Sir Jac. I am glad to see you, son Sneak: But where is your brother Bruin and his wife?

Sneak. He will be here anon, father Sir Jacob; he did but just step into the Alley to gather how tickets were sold.

Sir Jac. Very well, son Sneak.

[Exit Sneak.]

Mrs.

Mrs. Sneak. Son! yes, and a pretty son you have provided.

Sir Jac. I hope all for the best: Why, what terrible work there would have been, had you married such a one as your sister; one house could never have contain'd you— Now, I thought this meek mate —

Mrs. Sneak. Meek! a mushroom! a milk-sop!

Sir Jac. Lookye, Molly, I have married you to a man: Take care you don't make him a monster. [Exit Sir Jac.]

Mrs. Sneak. Monster! Why, Major, the fellow has no more heart than a mouse: Had my kind stars indeed, allotted me a military man, I should, doubtless, have deported myself in a befittingly manner.

Major. Unquestionably, madam.

Mrs. Sneak. Nor would the Major have found, had it been my fortune to intermarry with him, that Molly Jollup would have dishonoured his cloth.

Major. I should have been too happy.

Mrs. Sneak. Indeed, Sir, I reverence the army; they are all so brave; so polite; so every thing a woman can wish —

Major. Oh! Madam—

Mrs. Sneak. So elegant; so genteel; so obliging: and then the rank; why, who would dare to affront the wife of a Major?

Major. No man with impunity; that I take the freedom to say, madam.

Mrs. Sneak. I know it, good Sir: Oh! I am no stranger to what I have miss'd.

Major. Oh, madam!—Let me die, but she has infinite merit. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Sneak. Then to be join'd to a sneaking slovenly cit; a paltry, prying, pitiful pin-maker!

Major. Melancholy!—

Mrs. Sneak. To be jostled and cram'd with the croud: No respect, no place, no precedence; to be choak'd with the smoak of the city: No country jaunts but to Islington; No balls but at Pewterer's-hall.

Major. Intolerable.

Mrs. Sneak. I see, Sir, you have a proper sense of my sufferings.

Major. And would shed my best blood to relieve them.

Mrs. Sneak. Gallant gentleman!

Major. The brave must favour the fair.

Mrs. Sneak. Intrepid Major!

Major. Divine Mrs. Sneak!

Mrs. Sneak. Obliging commander!

Major. Might I be permitted the honour—

Mrs. Sneak. Sir—

Major. Just to ravish a kiss from your hand.

Mrs. Sneak. You have a right to all we can grant.

Major. Courteous, condescending, complying—Hum—Ha!

Enter

Enter Sneak.

Sneak. Chuck, my brother and sister Bruin are just turning the corner; the Clapham stage was quite full, and so they came by water.

Mrs. Sneak. I wish they had all been fous'd in the Thames—A prying, impertinent puppy!

Major. Next time, I will clap a centinel to secure the door.

Mrs. Sneak. Major Sturgeon, permit me to withdraw for a moment; my dress demands a little repair.

Major. Your ladyship's most entirely devoted.

Mrs. Sneak. Ladyship! he is the very Broglie and Bellisle of the army!

Sneak. Shall I wait upon you, dove?

Mrs. Sneak. No, dolt; what, would you leave the Major alone? is that your manners, you mongrel?

Major. Oh, madam, I can never be alone; your sweet idera will be my constant companion.

Mrs. Sneak. Mark that: I am sorry, Sir, I am obligated to leave you.

Major. Madam—

Mrs. Sneak. Especially with such a wretched companion.

Major. Oh, madam—

D 2

Mrs.

Mrs. Sneak. But as soon as my dress is restor'd, I shall fly to relieve your distress.

Major. For that moment I shall wait with the greatest impatience.

Mrs. Sneak. Courteous commander.

Major. Barragon of women!

Mrs. Sneak. Adieu!

Major. Adieu! [Exit Mrs. Sneak.]

Sneak. Notwithstanding, Sir, all my chicken has said, I am special company when she is not by.

Major. I doubt not, master Sneak.

Sneak. If you would but come one Thursday-night to our club, at the Nagg's-Head in the Poultry, you would meet some roaring, rare boys, i'faith: There's Jemmy Perkins, the packer; little Tom Simkins, the grocer; honest Master Muzzle, the midwife—

Major. A goodly company!

Sneak. Ay, and then sometimes we have the Choice Spirits from Comus's Court, and we crack jokes, and are so jolly and funny: I have learnt myself to sing "An old woman clothed in grey." But I durst not sing out loud, because my wife would overhear me; and she says as how I bawl worser than the broom man.

Major. And you must not think of disobliging your lady.

Sneak. I never does: I never contradicts her, not I.

Major.

OF GARRATT. 21

Major. That's right: she is a woman of infinite merit.

Sneak. O, a power: and don't you think she is very pretty withal?

Major. A Venus!

Sneak. Yes, werry like Wenus—Mayhap, you have known her some time?

Major. Long.

Sneak. Belike, before she was married?

Major. I did, Master Sneak.

Sneak. Ay, when she was a wirgin. I thought you was an old acquaintance, by your kissing her hand; for we ben't quite so familiar as that—But then, indeed, we han't been married a year.

Major. The mere honey-moon.

Sneak. Ay, ay, I suppose we shall come to it by degrees.

Bruin. [*within*] Come along, Jane; why you are as purfy and lazy, you jade—

Enter Bruin, and Wife; Bruin with a cotton-cap on; his Wife with his wig, great-coat, and fishing-rod.

Bruin. Come, Jane, give me my wig; you slut, how you have tussed the curls? Master Sneak, a good morning to you: Sir, I am your humble servant, unknown.

Enter

Enter Roger.

Rog. Mrs. Sneak begs to speak with the Major.

Major. I will wait on the lady immediately.

Sneak. Don't tarry an instant; you can't think how impatient she is.

[Exit Major.]

Sneak. A good morrow to you, brother Bruin; you have had a warm walk cross the fields.

Mrs. Bruin. Good lord, I am all in a muck—

Bruin. And who may you thank for it, huffy? If you had got up time enough, you might have secur'd the stage; but you are a lazy lie-a-bed—

Mrs. Bruin. There's Mr. Sneak keeps my sister a chay.

Bruin. And so he may; but I know better what to do with my money: Indeed, if the war had but continued awhile, I don't know what mought ha been done; but this plagy peace, with a pox to't, has knock'd up all the trade of the Alley.

Mrs. Bruin. For the matter of that, we can afford it well enough as it is.

Bruin. And how do you know that? Who told you as much, Mrs. Mixen? I hope I know the world better than to trust my con-

concerns with a wife: No, no, thank you for that, Mrs. Jane.

Mrs. Bruin. And pray, who is more fitter to be trusted?

Bruin. Hey-day! Why, the wench is bewitch'd: Come, come, let's have none of your palaver here—Take twelve-pence and pay the waterman.—But first see, if he has broke none of the pipes—And, d'ye hear, Jane, be sure you lay the fishing-rod safe. *[Exit Mrs. Bruin.]*

Sneak. Ods me, how finely she's manag'd! what would I give to have my wife as much under!

Bruin. It is all your own fault, brother Sneak.

Sneak. D'ye think so? she is a sweet pretty Creature.

Bruin. A vixen.

Sneak. Why, to say the truth, she does now and then hector a little; and, between ourselves, domineers like the devil: O Lord, I lead the life of a dog: Why, she allows me but two shillings a week for my pocket.

Bruin. No!

Sneak. No, man; 'tis she that receives and pays all: And then I am forc'd to trot after her to church, with her cardinal, patens, and prayer-book, for all the world as if I was still a prentice.

Bruin. Zounds! I would soufe them all in the kennel.

Sneak.

Sneak. I durst not — And then at table, I never gets what I loves.

Bruin. The devil!

Sneak. No; she always helps me herself to the tough drumsticks of turkeys, and the damn'd fat flaps of shoulders of mutton; I don't think I have eat a bit of under-crust since we have been married: You see, brother Bruin, I am almost as thin as a lath.

Bruin. An absolute skeleton!

Sneak. Now, If you think I could carry my point, I would so swinge and leather my lambkin: God, I would so curry and claw her.

Bruin. By the Lord Harry, she richly deserves it.

Sneak. Will you, brother, lend me a lift?

Bruin. Command me at all times.

Sneak. Why then, I will verily pluck up a spirit; and the first time she offers to —

Mrs. Sneak. [within] Jerry, Jerry Sneak!

Sneak. Gad's my life, sure as a gun that's her voice: Look'ye, brother, I don't chuse to breed a disturbance in another body's house; but as soon as ever I get home —

Bruin. Now is your time.

Sneak. No, no; it would not be decent.

Mrs. Sneak. [within] Jerry! Jerry! —

Sneak. I come, lovy. But you will be sure to stand by me?

Bruin. Trot, nincompoop.

Sneak.

Sneak. Well, if I don't—I wish—

Mrs. Sneak. [*within*] Where is this lazy puppy a-loitering?

Sneak. I come, chuck, as fast I can—
Good Lord, what a sad life do I lead!

[*Exit Sneak.*

Bruin. *Ex quovis ligno:* Who can make
a filk purse of a sow's ear?

Enter Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Come, son Bruin, we are all
seated at table, man; we have but just time
for a snack: The candidates are near upon
coming.

Bruin. A poor, paltry, mean spirited—
Damn it, before I would submit to such a—

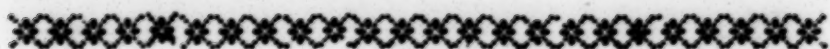
Sir Jac. Come, come, man; don't be so
crusty.

Bruin. I follow, Sir Jacob: Damme,
when once a man gives up his prerogative,
he might as well give up—But, however,
it is no bread and butter of mine—Jerry,
Jerry—Zounds, I would jerry and jerk
her too. [*Exit.*

END of the FIRST ACT.

E

ACT



ACT II. SCENE Continues.

Sir JACOB, Major STURGEON, Mr. and Mrs. BRUIN, Mr. and Mrs. SNEAK, discovered.

Mrs. Sneak.

INDEED, Major, not a grain of curiosity! Can it be thought that we, who have a Lord-Mayor's show every year, can take any pleasure in this?

Major. In time of war, madam, these meetings are not amiss; I fancy a man might pick up a good many recruits: But in these piping times of peace, I wonder Sir Jacob permits it.

Sir Jac. It would, Major, cost me my popularity to quash it: The common people are as fond of their customs, as the barons were of their *Magna Charta*: Besides, my tenants make some little advantage.

Enter Roger.

Rog. Crispin Heel-tap, with the electors, are set out from the Adam and Eve.

Sir

Sir Jac. Gad-so, then they will soon be upon us: Come, good folks, the balcony will give us the best view of the whole. Major, you will take the ladies under protection.

Major. Sir Jacob, I am upon guard.

Sir Jac. I can tell you, this Heel-tap is an arch rascal. —

Sneak. And plays the best game at cribbage in the whole corporation of Garratt.

Mrs. Sneak. That puppy will always be a-chattering.

Sneak. Nay, I did but —

Mrs. Sneak. Hold your tongue, or I'll send you home in an instant —

Sir Jac. Pr'ythee, daughter!—You may to-day, Major, meet with something that will put you in mind of more important transactions.

Major. Perhaps so.

Sir Jac. Lack-a-day, all men are alike; their principles exactly the same: for tho' art and education may disguise or polish the manner, the same motives and springs are universally planted.

Major. Indeed!

Sir Jac. Why, in this mob, this group of plebeians, you will meet with materials to make a Sylla, a Cicero, a Solon, or a Cæsar: Let them but change conditions, and the world's great lord had been but the best wrestler on the green.

Major. Ay, ay, I could have told these things formerly; but since I have been in the army, I have entirely neglected the classes.

Mob without huzza.

Sir Jac. But the heroes are at hand, Major.

Sneak. Father Sir Jacob, might not we have a tankard of stingo above?

Sir Jac. By all means.

Sneak. D'ye hear, Roger?

[Exit into the balcony.]

SCENE, A STREET.

Enter Mob, with Heel-Tap at their head; some crying a Goose; others a Mug; others a Primmer.

Heel-Tap. Silence, there; silence.

1st. Mob. Hear neighbour Heel-Tap.

2d. Mob. Ay, ay, hear Crispin.

3d. Mob. Ay, ay, hear him, hear Crispin: He will put us into the model of the thing at once.

Heel-Tap. Why then, silence, I say.

All. Silence.

Heel-Tap. Silence, and let us proceed, neighbours, with all the decency and confusion usual upon these occasions.

1st. Mob. Ay, ay, there is no doing without that.

All.

All. No, no, no.

Heel-Tap. Silence then, and keep the peace ; what, is there no respect paid to authority : Am not I the returning officer ?

All. Ay, ay, ay.

Heel-Tap. Chosen by yourselves, and approved of by Sir Jacob ?

All. True, true.

Heel-Tap. Well then, be silent and civil : Stand back there, that gentleman without a shirt, and make room for your betters : Where's Simon Snuffle the Sexton ?

Snuffle. Here.

Heel-Tap. Let him come forward ; we appoint him our secretary : For Simon is a scollard, and can read written hand ; and so let him be respected accordingly.

3d. Mob. Room for Master Snuffle.

Heel-Tap. Here, stand by me : and let us, neighbours, proceed to open the premunire of the thing : But first, your reverence to the lord of the manor : A long life and a merry one to our landlord Sir Jacob ; huzza !

Mob. Huzza !

Sneak. How fares it, honest Crispin ?

Heel-Tap. Servant, Master Sneak.—Let us now open the premunire of the thing, which I shall do briefly, with all the loquacity possible ; that is, in a medium way ; which, that we may the better do it, let the secretary read the names of the candidates,
and

and what they say for themselves; and then we shall know what to say of them: Master Snuffle, begin.

Snuffle. “ To the worthy inhabitants of
“ the antient corporation of Garratt: Gen-
“ tlemen, your votes and interest are hum-
“ bly requested in favour of Timothy
“ Goose, to succeed your late worthy
“ mayor, Mr. Richard Dripping, in the
“ said office, he being —

Heel-Tap. This Goose is but a kind of Gosling, a sort of sneaking scoundrel: who is he?

Snuffle. A journeyman taylor, from Putney.

Heel-Tap. A journeyman taylor! A rascal, has he the impudence to transpire to be mayor? D’ye consider, neighbours, the weight of this office? Why, it is a burthen for the back of a porter; and can you think that this cross-legg’d cabbage-eating son of a cucumber, this whey-fac’d ninny, who is but the ninth part of a man, has strength to support it?

1st. Mob. No Goose! no Goose!

2d. Mob. A Goose!

Heel-Tap. Hold your hissing, and proceed to the next.

Snuffle. Your votes are desired for Matthew Mug.

1st. Mob. A Mug! A Mug!

Heel-

Heel-Tap. Oh, oh, what you are all ready to have a touch of the tankard: But, fair and soft, good neighbours, let us taste this Master Mug, before we swallow him; and, unless I am mistaken, you will find him a damn'd bitter draught.

1st. Mob. A Mug! A Mug!

2d. Mob. Hear him; hear Master Heel-Tap?

1st. Mob. A Mug! A Mug!

Heel-Tap. Harkye, you fellow, with your mouth full of Mug, let me ask you a question: Bring him forward; pray, is not this Matthew Mug a victualler?

3d. Mob. I believe he may.

Heel-Tap. And lives at the sign of the Adam and Eve?

3d. Mob. I believe he may.

Heel-Tap. Now answer upon your honour, and as you are a gentleman, what is the present price of a quart of home-brew'd at the Adam and Eve?

3d. Mob. I don't know.

Heel-Tap. You lie, sirrah: An't it a groat?

3d. Mob. I believe it may.

Heel-Tap. Oh, may be so: Now, neighbours, here's a pretty rascal; this same Mug, because, d'ye see, state-affairs would not jog glibly without laying a farthing a quart upon ale; this scoundrel, not contented to take things in a medium way, has had the impudence to raise it a penny.

Mob. No Mug! no Mug!

Heel-Tap. So, I thought I should crack Mr. Mug. Come, proceed to the next, Simon.

Snuffle. The next upon the list is Peter Primmer, the school-master.

Heel-Tap. Ay, neighbours, and a sufficient man: Let me tell you, Master Primmer is the man for my money; a man of learning; that can lay down the law; why, adzooks, he is wise enough to puzzle the parson: And then, how you have heard him oration at the Adam and Eve of a Saturday night, about Russia and Prussia: Ecod, George Gage the exciseman, is nothing at all to un.

4th. Mob. A Primmer!

Heel-Tap. Ay, if the folks above did but know him; why, lads, he will make us all statesmen in time.

2d. Mob. Indeed!

Heel-Tap. Why, he swears as how all the miscarriages are owing to the great people's not learning to read.

3d. Mob. Indeed!

Heel-Tap. For, says Peter, says he, if they would but once submit to be learned by me, there is no knowing to what a pitch the nation might rise.

1st. Mob. Ay, I wish they would.

Sneak. Crispin, what is Peter Primmer a candidate?

Heel-

Heel-Tap. He is, Master Sneak.

Sneak. Lord, I know him, mun, as well my mother: Why, I used to go to his lectures to Pewterer's hall 'long with deputy Firkin.

Heel-Tap. Like enough.

Sneak. Ods me, brother Bruin, can you tell what is become of my vife?

Bruin. She is gone off with the Major.

Sneak. Mayhap, to take a walk in the garden; I will go and take a peep at what they are doing. *[Exit Sneak.]*

Mob without huzza!

Heel-Tap. Gadso! the candidates are coming. Come, neighbours, range yourselves to the right and left, that you may be canvass'd in order: Let us see who comes first?

1st. Mob. Master Mug,

Heel-Tap. Now, neighbours, have a good caution that this Master Mug does not cajole you; he is a damn'd palavering fellow.

Enter Matthew Mug.

Mug. Gentlemen, I am the lowest of your slaves: Mr. Heel-Tap, I have the honour of kissing your hand.

Heel-Tap. There, did not I tell you?

Mug. Ah, my very good friend, I hope your father is well?

1st. Mob. He is dead.

F

Mug.

Mug. So he is. Mr. Grub, if my wishes prevail, your very good wife is in health.

2d. Mob. Wife! I never was married.

Mug. No more you were. Well, neighbours and friends—Ah! what honest Dick Bennet.

3d. Mob. My name is Gregory Gubbins.

Mug. You are right, it is so; and how fares it with good Master Gubbins?

3d. Mob. Pretty tight, Master Mug.

Mug. I am exceedingly happy to hear it.

4th. Mob. Hark'ye, Master Mug.

Mug. Your pleasure, my very dear friend?

4th. Mob. Why as how, and concerning our young one at home.

Mug. Right, she is a prodigious promising girl.

4th. Mob. Girl! Zooks, why 'tis a boy.

Mug. True, a fine boy! I love and honour the child.

4th. Mob. Nay, 'tis none such a child; but you promis'd to get un a place.

Mug. A place! what place?

4th. Mob. Why, a gentleman's service you know.

Mug. It is done; it is fix'd; it is settled.

4th. Mob. And when is the lad to take on?

Mug. He must go in a fortnight at farthest.

4th. Mob. And is it a pretty goodish birth, Master Mug?

Mug.

Mug. The best in the world; head-butler to lady Barbara Bounce.

4th. Mob. A lady!

Mug. The wages are not much, but the vails are amazing.

4th. Mob. Barbara Bunch.

Mug. Yes; she has routs on Tuesdays and Sundays, and he gathers the tables; only he finds candles, cards, coffee, and tea.

4th. Mob. Is Lady Barbara's work pretty tight?

Mug. As good as a fine-cure; he only writes cards to her company, and dresses his mistress's hair.

4th. Mob. Hair! Zounds, why Jack was bred to dressing of horses.

Mug. True, but he is suffered to do that by deputy.

4th. Mob. May be so.

Mug. It is so. Hark'ye, dear Heel-Tap, who is this fellow, I should remember his face?

Heel-Tap. And don't you?

Mug. Not I, I profess.

Heel-Tap. No!

Mug. No.

Heel-Tap. Well said, Master Mug; but come, time wears: Have you any thing more to say to the corporation?

Mug. Gentlemen of the corporation of Garratt.

Heel-Tap. Now, twig him ; now, mind him : mark how he hawls his muscles about.

Mug. The honour I this day solicit, will be to me the most honourable honour that can be conferr'd ; and, should I succeed, you, gentlemen, may depend on my using my utmost endeavours to promote the good of the borough ; for which purpose, the encouragement of your trade and manufactories will most principally tend. Garratt, it must be own'd, is an inland town, and has not, like Wandsworth, and Fulham, and Putney, the glorious advantages of a port ; but what nature has denied, industry may supply : Cabbage, carrots, and colly-flowers, may be at present deem'd your staple commodities ; but why should not your commerce be extended ? Were I, gentlemen, worthy to advise, I would recommend the opening a new branch of trade ; sparagrafs, gentlemen, the manufacturing of sparagrafs : Battersea, I own, gentlemen, bears at present the belle : But where lies the fault ? In ourselves, gentlemen : Let us, gentlemen, but exert our natural strength, and I will take upon me to say, that a hundred of grafs from the corporation of Garratt, will in a short time, at the London market, be held at least, as an equivalent to a Battersea bundle.

Mob. A Mug ! a Mug !

Heel-

Heel-Tap. Damn the Fellow, what a tongue he has! God, I must step in, or he will carry the day. Harkee, Master Mug?

Mug. Your pleasure, my very good friend?

Heel-Tap. No flumming me: I tell thee, Matthew, 'twont do: Why, as to this article of ale here, how comes it about, that you have rais'd it a penny a quart?

Mug. A word in your ear, Crispin; you and your friends shall have it at three-pence.

Heel-Tap. What, firrah, d'ye offer a bribe! D'ye dare to corrupt me, you scoundrel!

Mug. Gentlemen —

Heel-Tap. Here, neighbours; the fellow has offer'd to bate a penny a quart, if so be as how I would be consenting to impose upon you.

Mob. No Mug! no Mug!

Mug. Neighbours, friends —

Mob. No Mug!

Mug. I believe this is the first borough that ever was lost, by the returning-officer's refusing a bribe.

[Exit Mug.]

2d Mob. Let us go and pull down his sign.

Heel-Tap. Hold, hold, no riot: But that we may not give Mug time to pervert the votes and carry the day, let us proceed to the election.

Mob

Mob. Agreed! agreed!

[*Exit Heel-Tap, and Mob.*]

Sir Jacob, Bruin, and Wife, come from the balcony.

Sir Jac. Well, son Bruin, and how d'ye relish the Corporation of Garratt?

Bruin. Why, look'ye, Sir Jacob; my way is always to speak what I think: I don't approve on't at all.

Mrs. Bruin. No!

Sir Jac. And what's your objection?

Bruin. Why I was never over-fond of your may-games; besides, corporations are too serious things; they are edge-tools, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. That they are frequently tools, I can readily grant: but I never heard much of their edge.

Mrs. Bruin. Well, now, I protest, I am pleas'd with it mightily.

Bruin. And who the devil doubts it? You women folks are easily pleas'd.

Mrs. Bruin. Well, I like it so well, that I hope to see one every year.

Bruin. Do you? Why then you will be damnably bit; you may take your leave I can tell you, for this is the last you shall see.

Sir Jac. Fye, Mr. Bruin, how can you be such a bear: is that a manner of treating your wife?

7 *Bruin.*

Bruin. What, I suppose you would have me such a sniveling sot as your son-in-law Sneak, to truckle and cringe, to fetch and to —

Enter Sneak, in a violent hurry.

Sneak. Where's brother Bruin? O Lord! brother, I have such a dismal story to tell you.

Bruin. What's the matter?

Sneak. Why, you know I went into the garden to look for my wife and the Major, and there I hunted and hunted as sharp as if it had been for one of my own minickens; but the deuce a Major or Madam could I see: At last, a thought came into my head to look for them up in the summer-house.

Bruin. And there you found them?

Sneak. I'll tell you, the door was lock'd; and then I look'd thro' the key-hole: And, there, Lord a mercy upon us! [*Whispers*] as sure as a gun.

Bruin. Indeed! Zounds, why did not you break open the door?

Sneak. I durst not: What, would you have me set my wit to a soldier? I warrant, the Major would have knock'd me down with one of his boots; for I could see they were both of them off.

Bruin. Very well! Pretty doings! You see, Sir Jacob, these are the fruits of indulgence;

dulgence; you may call me bear, but your daughter shall never make me a beast.

Mob huzzas.

Sir Jac. Hey-day! What is the election over already?

Enter Crispin, &c.

Heel-Tap. Where is Master Sneak?

Sneak. Here, Crispin.

Heel-Tap. The ancient Corporation of Garratt, in consideration of your great parts and abilities, and out of respect to their landlord, Sir Jacob, have unanimously chosen you mayor.

Sneak. Me! huzza! good Lord, who would have thought it: But how come Master Primmer to lose it?

Heel-Tap. Why, Phill Fleam had told the electors, that Master Primmer was an Irishman; and so they would none of them give their vote for a foreigner.

Sneak. So then, I have it for certain: Huzza! Now, brother Bruin, you shall see how I'll manage my Madam: Gad, I'll make her know I am a man of authority; she shan't think to bullock and domineer over me.

Bruin. Now for it, Sneak; the enemy's at hand.

Sneak. You promise to stand by me, brother Bruin.

Bruin.

Bruin. Tooth and nail.

Sneak. Then now for it; I am ready, let her come when she will.

Enter Mrs. Sneak.

Mrs. Sneak. Where is the puppy?

Sneak. Yes, yes, she is axing for me.

Mrs. Sneak. So, sot; what, is this true that I hear?

Sneak. May be 'tis, may be 'tant: I don't chose to trust my affairs with a voman. Is that right, brother Bruin?

Bruin. Fine! don't bate her an inch.

Sneak. Stand by me.

Mrs. Sneak. Hey-day! I am amaz'd! Why, what is the meaning of this?

Sneak. The meaning is plain, that I am grown a man, and vill do what I please, without being accountable to nobody.

Mrs. Sneak. Why, the fellow is surely bewitch'd.

Sneak. No, I am unwitch'd, and that you shall know to your cost; and since you provoke me, I will tell you a bit of my mind: What, I am the husband, I hope?

Bruin. That's right: at her again.

Sneak. Yes; and you shan't think to hector and domineer over me as you have done; for I'll go to the club when I please, and stay out as late as I list, and row in a boat to Putney on Sundays, and visit my

G

friends

friends at Vitsontide, and keep the key of the till, and help myself at table to what vittles I like, and I'll have a bit of the brown.

Bruin. Bravo, brother Sneak; the day's your own.

Sneak. An't it? vhy, I did not think it vas in me; shall I tell her all I know?

Bruin. Every thing; you see she is struck dumb.

Sneak. As an oyfter: Besides, madam, I have something further to tell you: Ecod, if some folks go into gardens with Majors; mayhap other people may go into garrets with maids.—There, I gave it her home, brother Bruin.

Mrs. Sneak. Why, doodle; jackanapes; harkee, who am I?

Sneak. Come, don't go to call names: am I? vhy my vife, and I am your master.

Mrs. Sneak. My Master! you paltry, puddling puppy; you sneaking, shabby, scrubby, snivelling whelp.

Sneak. Brother Bruin, don't let her come near me.

Mrs. Sneak. Have I, firrab, demean'd myself to wed such a thing, such a reptile as thee! Have not I made myself a bye-word to all my acquaintance! don't all the world cry, Lord, who would have thought it! Miss Molly Jollup to be married to Sneak! to take up at last with such a noodle as he!

Sneak.

Sneak. Ay, and glad enough you could catch me : You know, you was pretty near your last legs.

Mrs. Sneak. Was there ever such a confident cur? My last legs! Why, all the country knows, I could have pick'd and chus'd where I would : Did not I refuse 'Squire Ap-Griffith from Wales? did not Counsellor Crab come a courting a twelvemonth? did not Mr. Wort, the great brewer of Brentford, make an offer that I should keep my post-chay?

Sneak. Nay, brother Bruin, she has had werry good proffers, that is certain.

Mrs. Sneak. My last legs!—but I can rein my passion no longer : Let me get at the villain.

Bruin. O fye, sister Sneak.

Sneak. Hold her fast.

Mrs. Sneak. Mr. Bruin, unhand me : What, it is you that have stirr'd up these coals then ; he is set on by you to abuse me.

Bruin. Not I ; I would only have a man behave like a man.

Mrs. Sneak. What, and are you to teach him, I warrant—But here comes the Major.

Enter Major Sturgeon.

Oh Major! such a riot and rumpus! Like a man indeed! I wish people would mind their own affairs, and not meddle with

matters that does not concern them: But all in good time; I shall one day catch him alone, when he has not his bullies to back him.

Sneak. Adod, that's true, brother Bruin; what shall I do when she has me at home, and nobody by but ourselves?

Bruin. If you get her once under, you may do with her whatever you will.

Major. Look'ye, Master Bruin, I don't know how this behaviour may suit with a citizen, but, were you an officer, and Major Sturgeon upon your court-marshal—

Bruin. What then?

Major. Then! why then you would be broke.

Bruin. Broke! and for what?

Major. What! read the articles of war: but these things are out of your spear; points of honour are for the sons of the sword.

Sneak. Honour! if you come to that, where was your honour when you got my wife in the garden?

Major. Now, Sir Jacob, this is the curse of our cloth: All suspected for the faults of a few.

Sneak. Ay, and not without reason; I heard of your tricks at the King of Bohemy, when you was campaigning about, I did: father Sir Jacob, he is as vicious as an old ram.

Major.

Major. Stop whilst you are safe, Master Sneak; for the sake of your amiable lady, I pardon what is past—But for you—

Bruin. Well.

Major. Dread the whole force of my fury.

Bruin. Why, look'ye, Major Sturgeon, I don't much care for your poppers and sharpes, because why, they are out of my way; but if you will doff with your boots, and box a couple of bouts—

Major. Box! box! blades! bullets! Bag-shot!

Mrs. Sneak. Not for the world, my dear Major; oh, risk not so precious a life. Ungrateful wretches! and is this the reward for all the great feats he has done? After all his marchings, his fousings, his sweatings, his swimmings; must his dear blood be spilt by a broker!

Major. Be satisfy'd, sweet Mrs. Sneak; these little fracasés we soldiers are subject to; trifles, bagatailes, Mrs. Sneak: But that matters may be conducted in a military manner, I will get our chaplain to pen me a challenge. Expect to hear from my adjutant.

Mrs. Sneak. Major, Sir Jacob; what, are you all leagu'd against his dear——A man! yes, a very manly action indeed, to set married people a quarrelling, and ferment a difference between husband and wife; if you
were

were a man, you would not stand by and see a poor woman beat and abus'd by a brute, you would not.

Sneak. Oh Lord, I can hold out no longer; why, brother Bruin, you have set her a weeping: My life, my lovy, don't weep: Did I ever think I should have made my Molly to weep!

Mrs. Sneak. Last legs! you lubberly—
[Strikes him.

Sir Jac. Oh, fye! Molly.

Mrs. Sneak. What, are you leagu'd against me, Sir Jacob?

Sir Jac. Prithee, don't expose yourself before the whole parish: But what has been the occasion of this?

Mrs. Sneak. Why has not he gone and made himself the fool of the fair? Mayor of Garratt indeed! ecod, I could trample him under my feet.

Sneak. Nay, why should you grudge me my purfarment?

Mrs. Sneak. Did you ever hear such an oaff? why thee wilt be pointed at wherever thee goest: Look'ye, Jerry, mind what I say; go, get 'em to chose somebody else, or never come near me again.

Sneak. What shall I do, father Sir Jacob?

Sir Jac. Nay, daughter, you take this thing in too serious a light; my honest 'ighbours thought to compliment me: But come, we'll settle the business at once.
Neigh-

Neighbours, my son Sneak being seldom amongst us, the duty will never be done, so we will get our honest friend Heel-Tap to execute the office; he is, I think, every way qualified.

Mob. A Heel-Tap!

Heel-Tap. What d'ye mean, as Master Jeremy's deputy?

Sir Jac. Ay, ay, his *Locum Tenens*.

Sneak. Do, Crispin; do be my *Locum Tenens*.

Heel-Tap. Give me your hand, Master Sneak, and to oblige you, I will be the *Locum Tenens*.

Sir Jac. So, that is settled; but now to heal the other breach: Come, Major, the gentlemen of your cloth seldom bear malice; let me interpose between you and my son.

Major. Your son-in-law, Sir Jacob, does deserve a castigation; but, on recollection, a cit would but sully my arms. I forgive him.

Sir Jac. That's right; as a token of amity, and to celebrate our feast, let us call in the fiddles: Now if the Major had but his shoes, he might join in a country dance.

Major. Sir Jacob, no shoes, a Major must be never out of his boots; always ready for action. Mrs. Sneak will find me light-some enough.

Sneak. What are all the women engaged? why then my *Locum Tenens* and I will jig together. Forget and forgive, Major.

Major.

48 THE MAYOR, &c.

Major. Freely.

Nor be it said, that after all my toil,
I stain'd my regimentals by a broil.
To you I dedicate boots, sword, and shield,
Sir Jac. As harmless in the chamber as
the field.



THE END.

